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The Week

THE European and American world, or that part of it which can afford the luxury of prophesying, is feeling somewhat less tense and apprehensive on January 1, 1925 than it did on January 1, 1924. The most important political events of the year have been the drawing up of the Dawes plan to settle the quarrel over reparations, the overthrow of the Poincaré government in France, the agreement between the new radical French government and the British Labor government to put the Dawes plan in operation, the adoption by the Assembly of the League of Nations of the new Protocol which proposes to outlaw war, and, finally, the victory of the British and American conservatives at the fall elections. The effect of all these events has been to increase the volume of business transactions and to create in the minds of influential people a larger measure of confidence. The problems of international politics and finance do not look quite so unmanageable as they did a year ago. They are being disposed of not by Poincarés or MacDonalds but by cautious conservatives whom the world takes to be particularly safe and trustworthy.

IT remains to be seen whether they will justify their good repute. The most serious problem with which they will have to deal will continue to be the relation between France and Germany. During 1925 the French and British governments will have to reach two or three critical decisions, the result of which will be either to give the Dawes plan a measurable chance of success or else to condemn it to certain failure. They will have to decide whether they propose to convert Germany's continued default under a treaty which was impossible of execution into an excuse for the permanent occupation of the Rhineland. The British propose to remain in Cologne which they promised to evacuate on January 10, 1925, for some time longer on the ground that Germany is not sufficiently disarmed, but the government almost admits that the alleged reason is only a pretext. It does not propose to retire from Cologne as long as French troops occupy the Ruhr. If the British did, the French would move in, treaty or no treaty, and they assume that the Germans would prefer a British to a French garrison for the Cologne district. They are no doubt right in this, but the delay will create popular resentment in Germany and is likely to provoke recriminations which will increase the difficulty of evacuating the Ruhr in August. If the evacuation of the Ruhr is delayed, the Dawes plan will soon become inoperable.

FOR this and other reasons 1925 will be a critical year in the determination of the future relationship between France and Germany. From the Armistice until the acceptance of the Dawes plan the only theory which fully accounted for the facts of the French behavior towards Germany was that the French politicians had decided on the permanent subjugation of Germany as a necessary condition of the future safety of France. Since M. Herriot assumed power there has been a change of attitude, of which the two expressions were the aquiescence of the French government in the Dawes plan and its acceptance of the Geneva Protocol which

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associated the security of France with a plan for the security of the other European countries. The question is whether the existing or subsequent French governments will continue to pursue a policy which will give Germany a chance to recover physically and morally, or whether they will return to the policy of preventing Germany from regaining independence or prosperity on the ground that if she is allowed to recover her revival would be equivalent to winning the war. It must be remembered that the French Nationalist politicians have not as yet surrendered any of the power over the future destiny of Germany which they obtained by virtue of the Versailles Treaty and the occupation of the Ruhr. Germany is certain to default under the schedules of the Dawes plan just as she cannot help but default under many other provisions of the Treaty. In the event of default the French government can finally select penalties which it will impose upon Germany. So long as France retains this power and Germany is disarmed, there can be no security for labor and property in Germany or for peace in Europe.

IN the course of the new year the French politicians will have to indicate clearly what their future policy will be. The recovery of Germany and her ability to pay some reparations does not depend merely upon the evacuation of the Ruhr and the administration of the Dawes plan in the spirit of a just consideration of the interest of the German people. It depends also upon the administration of other clauses of the Treaty—particularly on those clauses which deal with the occupation of the Rhineland. If the German territory which under the Treaty is to be progressively evacuated is not evacuated, and if it is not evacuated for reasons which would justify the indefinite prolongation of the occupation by Great Britain and France, the Germans will infer that the French with the connivance of the British government had no intention of permitting them to regain their security and their territorial inviolability. In that event they will work themselves back into the condition of desperation from which the stabilization of their currency and the Dawes plan rescued them for the moment. Sooner or later France will be forced either to ruin Germany or to give back her liberty and security. At present there is no indication that she proposes to do the latter and it is doubtful whether she dares or is resolved to do the former. Yet she cannot hesitate much longer. Before the end of 1925 the French government will have to decide whether it will pursue one or the other of these mutally exclusive policies.

GERMANY, which has been giving serious consideration to becoming a member of the League of Nations, has raised in that connection a point of genuine importance. Under certain conditions a member of the League may be called upon for military activity on behalf of the general peace; and this obligation will be even stronger if the Protocol of Geneva should come into effect. Germany, however, is required by the Treaty of Versailles to remain perpetually disarmed; and substantially this condition exists, however much it may be denied by the Allies for their own political purposes, and however much the Nationalists may plot fantastic dreams of revenge. Germany as a League member would therefore find herself between the devil and the very deep sea. Disarmed, she can neither protect herself nor aid any general policing scheme of the League. But unless her neutrality is specifically guaranteed, any nation which was taking military action in defiance of the League could overrun the German frontier as Germany herself once overran that of Belgium. Clearly, here is an aspect of the present European situation which the League's officials have not yet thought out; and until they do so, there is not much use in expecting Germany to become a member.

THE internal struggle over the personality and policies of Trotzky does not prevent the Moscow government from continuing to be active in foreign affiairs—an activity partly real and partly created by the lively imaginations of its enemies. Among its genuine achievements of late, must be listed an understanding with Japan on the long vexed question of the northern half of the island of Sakhalin. Press reports indicate that Russian sovereignty is recognized, but economic concessions go to the Tokyo government. Less reliable are the reports of an understanding among Moscow, Chang Tso-lin, now in control of the Peking government, and Dr. Sun Yat-sen of Canton, though such an alignment is by no means unlikely. From the Balkans comes a stream of obviously inspired propaganda declaring that the Bolsheviki are planning a series of immediate uprisings in all the Balkan states. The report is sufficiently improbable on its face to leave room for speculation only as to what the professional liars of the foreign offices really want this time. In this connection it is worth noting that the manufacture of artificial hysteria over an immediate communistic revolution in France has suddenly stopped. About the only political event of the week which has not been ascribed to Russian influence is the revolution in Albania, headed by Ahmed Zogu Bey, which has overturned the fledgling government of the Harvard-educated premier, Bishop Fan Noli. Russia escapes because of anxiety to blame the Serbs.

NO one needs to be told that one of the worst problems the American workingman faces is the housing question. In the large cities, particularly since the war, rents have risen until many thousands of families find themselves obliged to go without other supposed necessities in order to keep a roof over their heads; and even then their quarters are likely to be dark, small and airless, without adequate

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recreation facilities for children or a decent degree of privacy for anybody. Thoroughly alive to this condition, four unions in the needle trades in New York City are today contemplating a step which may prove of the greatest significance and importance. The International Ladies Garment Workers Union, Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, Furriers Union and Capmakers Union are planning to build a series of "model" apartment houses, to be occupied by their own members. The project will cost not less than $1,000,000; the architect, Mr. Andrew J. Thomas, is the most successful American builder of multi-family housing of an economical character; and the financing will be done by two of the labor banks established in New York not long ago.

IF the plan goes through—and there is every reason to believe it will—labor will have taken another and a long step toward freeing itself from the grip of the profiteering capitalist. The new enterprise will not be philanthropic; the banks will get a reasonable rate of interest on their money, and their investment is to be amortized in the course of a few years. Even with these charges, first-class apartments occupying not more than half the ground area, the other half being devoted to park and playground space, can be built in New York and sold on the installment plan at a maximum monthly rate of ten dollars a room, which includes all operating costs. Or the same apartments can be rented at a slightly lower figure and still produce a reasonable return on the investment. The difference between that rate and the fifteen or twenty dollars a room which the workingman now must pay for far inferior quarters, represents the difference between a coöperative enterprise financed by labor, and the fat profits which the private speculative builder demands and shares in turn with the big lending institutions which at present enjoy a virtual monopoly in providing new houses. The actual amount of relief provided by the new enterprise will not be important; but its value as an object lesson will be incalculable.

IS there any reason, asks the American Indian Defense Association, why the tuberculosis death rate of the Navajo Indians should be ten times that of the registration area of the United States; why there should be twenty-five thousand cases among two hundred and ten thousand Indians; why their trachoma patients should be allowed to go blind in the presence of known methods of prevention? There are, of course, plenty of reasons. The American Indian is a charge that has sat very lightly on the Puritan conscience of America. The shortage of decent medical service among them is by no means the greatest of the ills the Indians have suffered at our hands. Neither will the rectification of these conditions make amends for the wiping out of their civilization. But nothing could do that, while immediate assistance will do something toward eliminating the most deplorable aspects of the present. Therefore the association is preparing to launch a comprehensive drive against the whole existing system of handling Indian affairs. The future may offer the Indian no alternative but what has confronted him in the past: extermination or assimilation. But even so, he is entitled in the present to the most humane treatment the "superior" civilization can muster.

GERMANY'S foreign trade returns for the first nine months of 1924 present a rather pessimistic picture from the point of view of reparation payments. Taken in millions of gold marks, German exports and imports of commodities (including precious metals) for that period compare as follows with the year 1913:

	Exports	Imports	Unfavorable balance
Jan.-Oct., 1924....	5,165.8	6,965.5	1,899.7
75 percent of 1913.	7,649.1	8,404.7	755.6

THUS the value of German exports in 1924 was only 67.4 percent of the 1913 figure, while the value of the imports was equal to 82.5 percent of the prewar amount. The deficit in 1924 was two and one-half times the deficit in 1913. While these figures are not altogether accurate, because of the conditions in the occupied territory, they are sufficiently indicative of the existence of a marked deficit in Germany's foreign trade. The condition would have to be just the reverse to make possible a transfer of reparation funds from Germany to the creditor countries.

HOW Germany makes up the deficit in her foreign trade is a rather interesting problem. Her borrowing capacity abroad is practically negligible, while the balance of invisible accounts is anything but favorable. There seems little doubt that the deficit of nearly two billion gold marks in the trade for the first nine months of 1924 was made up out of the accumulations of German deposits abroad. This is one of the forms in which these liquid resources are being brought back to Germany. German purchases abroad are stimulated by the change in the price level between Germany and some of the other countries that came about as a result of her currency stabilization. Prices in Germany have been rising ever since the introduction of the rentenmark, and the holders of money on deposit in foreign banks now find it profitable to bring it back to the country in the form of essential raw materials and foodstuffs. The increase in the importation of these categories of goods bears out this conclusion. But German deposits abroad are limited, while stocks of raw materials have a tendency to become exhausted. The outlook for foreign trade during the coming year is markedly worse than it was last year.

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Why a Third Party?

THE opposition which developed at the recent meeting in Washington of representatives of the Conference for Progressive Political Action to the immediate organigation of a third party was to be expected. Many times in recent American politics the progressives have during the excitement and enthusiasm of a presidential campaign cherished lively expectations of the subsequent organization of a third party which would be sufficiently strong to contest a national election with the two old parties, but with equal regularity most of the leaders, who during the turmoil of election appeared to favor a third party, later turned either indifferent or hostile. So it now is. It did not require three months ago any unusual shrewdness to predict that as soon as the voting was over and the decision digested, the enthusiasm for a third party would begin to evaporate. This evaporation would have taken place even if La Follette had polled twice as many votes as he did. The obstacles to the formation of a third party are associated with some fundamental characteristics of American political institutions and traditions and American economic and social life.

The interesting letter of Mr. C. A. Sorensen, published elsewhere in this issue, indicates what from the point of view of a practical politician some of these obstacles are. Mr. Sorensen believes apparently with sufficient reason that in Nebraska progressivism, unless it is labelled Republican, has no chance of winning elections. A progressive like Senator Norris running as a Republican is easily victorious. A progressive like La Follette, running as the candidate of a third party, is overwhelmingly defeated. The voters will support a progressive who is also a Republican, but they will not support a progressive who is not a Republican except occasionally when he happens to be a Democrat. If a progressive proposes to get elected in that part of the country, he must wear either one party label or the other. According to Mr. Sorensen, consequently, the way to make progressivism count in American politics is to dedicate the energy, money and enthusiasm which would be wasted in organizing a third party to winning and keeping control of the Republican party machine.

From the point of view of local practical politics, Mr. Sorensen's contention obviously has a great deal of force. It explains the extreme reluctance of progressives who occupy a position of prominence in either party to abandon their Republican or Democratic allegiance. All active politicians, progressive or the reverse, are primarily interested in electing themselves and other people to office; and at the present moment one of the two old party labels is almost indispensable to success in any local election. Political leaders like Senators Brookhart and Norris, who have little in common with their colleagues in the Republican party, find it necessary to remain Republican, and Senator Wheeler, who as a Progressive candidate for Vice-President did what he could to discredit the Democratic party, announces himself, as soon as the campaign is over, once more a Democrat. Senator La Follette himself has an extremely difficult decision to make. If he consents to resume the name of Republican, he can presumably continue to control the political destinies of Wisconsin, whereas if he repudiates all allegiance to Republicanism and calls his local organization by some other name, as for the present he must and will, it will be more difficult for his machine to retain its existing supremacy in Wisconsin politics.

The reasons which Mr. Sorensen has advanced in favor of keeping progressive political agitation either Republican or Democratic are from the point of view of the practical politician unanswerable. If the paramount desideratum in American politics is to win local elections, a third party is an undesirable venture. But practical politics does not consist merely in winning the next election. It is because the New Republic does look at practical politics from a different angle that we consider the organization of a third party indispensable to the increasing power in American political life of a progressive outlook. Yet we agree with Mr. Sorensen that the kind of politicians who operate the existing party machinery, no matter whether they are progressive or conservative, will never have the patience and the faith to organize a third party. They will rally to it fast enough after it becomes powerful and try to make it as much like the existing parties as possible, but they will never take the risks nor know how to use the methods which are necessary to the creation of a partizan instrument of progressivism.

Where we differ from Mr. Sorensen is in our interpretation of the kind of party organization which is prepared to promote the success in politics of a progressive economic program. He compares the fabrication of a new party machine to the building of a second or a third railroad when one or two existing lines are fully competent to handle the traffic. It is more economical, he says, to take possession of an existing railroad and place good progressives on the board of directors. But the difficulty is that a political party, either conservative or progressive, is not or should not be merely a piece of machinery. It should to a certain extent form a community. The members of a party should possess a foundation of common interests and purposes. A voter who enrolls as a Republican should consider himself in substantial agreement with other Republicans about the kind of government which he would prefer for himself and his fellow countrymen. By enrolling as a Republican and sharing in a Republican primary, a conscientious man assumes some responsibility for the welfare of the party and for the actions and opinions of his associates. He should be willing to make substantial concessions in

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order to coöperate with his fellow Republicans. If this is true, why should a progressive, who believes that the public welfare demands a thorough-going revision in the existing distribution of political and economic power, associate himself with a party which contains almost all of his conservative and reactionary fellow countrymen? If he and his progressive comrades should succeed in capturing the party organization, the conservatives would in the long run themselves secede or become Democratic.

Mr. Sorensen is arguing the question wholly from the point of a temporary condition in the politics of Nebraska and other western states. It so happens that in Nebraska, Iowa and the like, certain progressive leaders who would be defeated on a third party ticket can be elected as Republicans, and he considers it of greater importance for progressive voters to remain Republican in order to keep men like Senator Norris in the Senate than to compromise Mr. Norris's future success by organizing a temporary third party. But, desirable as it is to elect Senators such as Norris and Brookhart, they and their fellow progressives will after their election form a small minority in Congress, and without the support of a national party, they can never become anything like a majority in Congress. The conditions in the Eastern and Middle Western states differ sharply from those which prevail in Nebraska. In many Eastern and Middle Western states the majority of progressively inclined voters are as or more likely to be Democratic than Republican. In these states the great majority of Republicans are conservative. New York progressives who enrolled as Republicans in the hope of electing progressives to office would be comparable to a man who enrolled in the army of Napoleon in the hope of contributing to peace on earth. Republicanism in Nebraska may be and doubtless is more progressive than Republicanism in the East, but if so, as Mr. Sorensen himself declares, the Nebraska Republicans will remain progressive only by dissociating themselves from Republicans in other states. They would be secessionists within the party and in the end would, if successful, merely promote political confusion by preventing both conservatism and progressivism from creating trustworthy partizan instruments of government.

For many years now the two older parties have been steadily changing into coalitions of economic or sectional groups which possessed little unity of purpose, interest or conviction. They are machines for selecting and electing candidates for office, which in the event of victory are not sufficiently united to agree upon an effective common course of action. Since the Republicans returned to power in 1921, they have found it almost impossible to legislate upon domestic economic and political problems. Dissensions within their ranks paralyzed their efforts. Still sharper conflicts almost split the Democratic party during the sessions of its last national convention. In the end the Democracy was obliged to sacrifice its momentum as a party to a merely formal unity by nominating a middle-of-the-road candidate in whom neither conservatives nor progressives could take any positive interest. When and how the Democratic party will regain its vitality is a matter of guess work, but in the meantime the Republican party has developed in a direction which will make the situation of progressives who try to remain within the Republican party ridiculous. Under President Coolidge's leadership it is coming to be less of an unprincipled machine and more of a political community, but it is a community which is consciously conservative, and which is tending to exclude progressives from its ranks as heretics and traitors.

For our part we devoutly hope that hereafter the Republicans will come to be more rather than less consciously and intelligently conservative. In that case it will be possible and comparatively easy to build up gradually a consciously progressive opposition party which will offer to the voters a positive alternative to Republican conservatism. But a progressive party will never be organized and populated by leaders who consider that the most important objective of progressive politics is the electing of the more progressive of two candidates to office. The substance of the new organization will have to be voters who believe that the existing economic system deprives them of any sufficient power over their welfare and who are convinced that they will never obtain this power until they create a partizan instrument under their own control. A progressive party composed of such raw material could depend upon a motivation no less strong than that of the conservatives for sticking together and for educating themselves to carry out their task. An attempt will be made early in 1925 to organize the La Follette voters into the beginnings of such a party. It may not be attended with much immediate success. It is doubtful whether there are at present a large enough number of American workers who are mentally prepared to support a workers' party. But they are steadily increasing, and sooner or later they will plan and build the necessary machinery. Until they do American progressives will have to struggle along without the protection and the comfort of an appropriate and weatherproof home. They may be obliged to live from hand to mouth and occupy for a few months at a time any available shelter. This they are in the circumstances fully justified in doing, but they are not justified in confusing such political subterfuges with a satisfactory organization of progressive politics. If a redistribution of political and economic power is as desirable, in fact as urgently demanded, as progressives think it is, and if national parties are indispensable agencies of American government, then sooner or later out of the sheer necessities of the situation there will arise a national progressive party.

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The Joker in the London Protocol

THE protocol embodying the results of last summer's inter-allied conference in London now appears to contain a palpable joker. The agreement had for its purpose the institution of the Dawes plan. Yet, were the objectionable provision applied, it would practically paralyze the most important feature of the whole arrangement.

This provision has already precipitated one threatening incident. It has brought forth a significant ruling and a subsequent protest from the Agent for Reparation Payments. It is to be one of the chief points of discussion at the meeting of the Ministers of Finance of the former allied states, scheduled to take place during the first half of January, for the purpose of discussing the question of the inter-allied debts and a reallocation of reparation receipts.

The provision is contained in section C, Article 4 of Annex III to the Final Protocol. It reads as follows

> The German government will pay over to the Agent General for Reparation Payments during the transition period such monthly installments as, added to the receipts above provided for (collections and charges levied in the occupied territory), shall place at his disposal each month an amount equal to one-twelfth of the first annuity under the experts' plan, less the estimated receipts during the month from the operation of the British reparation recovery act or corresponding measures which may be adopted by the other allied governments and the paper marks supplied to the armies of occupation.

The joker is contained in the reference to the deductions on account of the "operation of the British reparation recovery act or corresponding measures which may be adopted by the other allied governments."

At the time of the signing of the document both Great Britain and France had reparation recovery acts on their statute books. They were passed in 1921, in conformity with the London Schedule of Payments, drawn up in May of that year, one of the provisions of which was that a part of Germany's payments on account of the reparation annuity then fixed was to consist of a 26 percent levy on the proceeds of the German exports. The British and the French governments, by their reparation recovery acts, imposed a 26 percent tax on all German imports into their respective countries, with the understanding that the German exporters, who would thus be compelled to give up to the treasuries of these countries 26 percent of their proceeds, would be reimbursed in marks by the German government.

The British act was put into operation almost immediately after its adoption. It yielded the British treasury considerable sums through the second half of 1921, and through all of 1922 and 1923. During the first half of 1924 until after the London conference, it was applied less strictly and its yields were much smaller. But later it was restored to full operation, and during the months of September and October the proceeds of the levy amounted to about one and one-half million pounds. The French act remained inoperative for three years. Then suddenly, on September 21, 1924, the French government issued a decree, which put the act into full operation, as of October 1. On that date it began to levy a 26 percent tax on all German imports into France.

Thus when the Agent General for Reparation Payments and his Transfer Committee finally began their activities, they were confronted by a situation, in which the two principal allied powers were collecting reparation payments directly and on their own account. They were doing this presumably under the authority of the London Protocol of last summer, which recognized specifically the existence of the reparation recovery tax by providing for the deduction of its equivalent from the total payments required from Germany.

Germany resented the action of France in suddenly bringing into operation the reparation recovery act. Her government vigorously protested against the collection of the tax and refused to reimburse the German exporters who were thus deprived of more than a quarter of their proceeds. Her contention was that the imposition of the tax is hostile to the spirit of the London protocol. The French reply quoted the provision in the protocol to which we referred at the beginning of this article. The Germans then replied by a general protest against the reparation tax on the ground that it takes out of the hands of the Transfer Committee undivided control over the transfer of reparation funds from Germany to the allied countries, as provided for in the experts' plan, but expressed their willingness to coöperate in its execution provided they had formal assurance from the Agent General for Reparation Payment to the effect that an equivalent of the tax would really be deducted from the sums required from the German government.

In the meantime, there was no secret as to the real reason for the action taken by the French government. For months past the French government had been preparing for negotiations with Germany concerning a commercial treaty between the two countries, to take the place of the economic clauses of the treaty of Versailles which expire on January 10, 1925. Germany's position in these negotiations is decidedly stronger than that of France. The renewed energy of the reparation recovery act was intended, undoubtedly, as a means of giving an extra trump to the French.

The Franco-German conference, dealing with the new commercial treaty, opened on October 1. For the moment, the question of the reparation tax was set aside, as the conference centered its attention on other phases of the problem. In any event, the

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tax problem, from that time on was dependent for its solution upon the action of the Agent General. This action was taken on November 14, when Mr. Parker Gilbert addressed the following letter to the German Minister of Finance:

> In conformity with the provisions of the Experts' Plan to the effect that the use and withdrawal of monies to the credit of the annuity shall be controlled and regulated by the Agent-General and the Transfer Committee, I have the honor to inform you that the Agent-General for Reparation Payments will not credit the German Government on account of the annuity with any sums it may pay to exporters in reimbursement of deductions made from their invoices on and after December 1, 1924, because of any Reparation Recovery Acts.
>
> Any sums that may be required for the foregoing purpose will be paid only by the Agent-General for Reparation Payments if, and to the extent, authorized by the Transfer Committee.
>
> The Transfer Committee, at its meeting on October 31, 1924, authorized the Agent-General to make payments under the Reparation Recovery Acts until further action by the committee.

It is difficult to see how Mr. Gilbert justifies this ruling in view of the definiteness of the provision in the London protocol. Legally his position is weak. And there is no wonder that he bases his decision on "the provisions of the experts' plan," rather than on the protocol. From the point of view of the plan his position is more than sound.

The application of the reparation recovery tax by any of Germany's creditors, and a subsequent deduction of the sums thus collected from the amounts which Germany is supposed to hand over to the Agent General, constitutes an automatic and haphazard method of transferring reparation funds from Germany abroad. Yet the whole purpose in setting up the transfer committee is to organize this conveyance in such a way that German currency and the general economic stability of Germany would not be adversely affected by it. A tax of 26 percent, levied by individual governments upon German exports, so hampers the Agent General as to make that particular phase of his problem difficult, if not altogether impossible.

Mr. Gilbert followed his ruling by a letter, addressed to the Reparation Commission for transmission to the interested governments, setting forth his position in the matter. In the meantime his ruling has, in effect, changed the whole situation with regard to the reparation tax. If the Transfer Committee should refuse the claim of German exporters for reimbursement on account of the tax, then the proceeds of the tax would no longer be credited to the reparation account of the German government, and the tax itself would become merely an extraordinary tariff measure. It would hinder trade between Germany and her creditors, and probably bring reprisals by the German government.

From the point of view of the interests of both Germany and her creditors, the tax ought to be abolished. It has never been equitably administered. Theoretically, its proceeds should have been pooled for the benefit of all of the Allied powers. In reality, they were retained by the British treasury. The continuation of this procedure is no longer tenable, if the Dawes plan is to be administered in the spirit in which it was devised. The question raised by the tax is really part of the problem of reallocating the reparation receipts, which is soon to come up before the conference of the Ministers of Finance. It is to be hoped that these gentlemen will see the wisdom of dispensing with it altogether. It is a device which properly belongs to Lloyd George's era, and is an anachronism in the Europe of the Dawes plan.

New Sources of Labor

NOW that another season of large industrial production is upon us, we may look for cries of labor shortage and efforts to relax the law restricting immigration. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States has already suggested that the bars be let down during periods of activity whenever, in the discretion of the Secretary of Labor, a need for foreign workers is felt. Before any such modification is made, however, it would be well to examine the experience of recent years.

Inu order that the subject may be discussed without prejudice, it is well to disclain at the start any toleration for those practices of administration or those inconsistencies in the law which have torn families apart and resulted in bitter injustice to individuals. Likewise we are not concerned here with any of the biological or sociological questions having to do with the effect of racial intermixture. It is of advantage to leave such hotly contested matters aside for the moment in order to consider the desirability of immigration solely from the point of view of its effect on the labor supply.

The thesis of the employers is that the laboring population of the United States has been built up in the past largely from immigration, especially so in the unskilled processes, that a restriction of immigration cuts off the supply and will leave industry with insufficient workers during a period of expansion, and that this will injure every one through high wages, high costs, scarce commodities, etc.

The first comment on this argument is that the law has not reduced immigration. Or, to be more precise, the net addition to the population through arrival and departure of aliens for the fiscal year ending June, 1924, was 630,110, while the average for the seven fiscal years 1908 to 1914 inclusive was 581,408. Even if we compare with this the average of 1923 and 1924, we find a net addition of 551,465 per year. The influx was maintained by arrivals from Canada and Mexico, against which the restrictions do not apply. Even if the "bootlegging" of immigrants, which Secretary Davis has

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charged exists on a large scale, were stopped there would be plenty of newcomers.

All this, of course, is beside the theoretical argument. Quite pertinent, however, is the relation between production and employment in the last business revival. When business started upward after the depression of 1921 employers complained of labor shortage. Arrivals were scanty in 1921 and 1922. Working forces had been dissipated by shutdowns. Nevertheless our basic industries succeeded, according to the statistics of the Federal Reserve Board, in producing 18 percent more by physical measurement in 1923 than they had turned out in 1920. During this period the population increased less than 5 percent. This indicates an increase in basic production per capita of the population amounting to over 10 percent in three years. Manufacturing production alone, according to the Department of Commerce index, was about 11 percent greater in 1923 than in the "boom" year of 1920. Yet employment in factories did not increase at all, but according to the best indices dropped 2 or 3 percent between the two years. This is a growth in physical production per employe of about 15 percent. And the growth of production was finally stopped not by lack of labor or by high wages, but by lack of market demand.

What seems to happen is pretty much the reverse of what the advocates of a larger immigrant labor supply expect. New inventions, more and better machinery, the advance of technique, bring about the possibility of a rapid increase in per capita production. The principal reason why this possibility is not fully realized is that the demand for commodities does not grow as rapidly as the ability to produce. Effective demand, whether for consumers' goods or for capital investment, depends in the end on the purchasing power of the general population. The wage-earners make up a large part of the population. A continual and fairly rapid increase in their real wages and standards of living is therefore necessary if demand on the market is to keep up with the increase of products. A shortage of labor during expanding production aids the workers in securing wage increases, which are tardy enough in any event. But the creation of a labor surplus through immigration delays or prevents such increases. It may for a while stimulate production by making it cheap, but in the long run it probably contributes to a more serious glut of the markets, by depressing the wage-earners' purchasing power.

There are almost illimitable means at our disposal for increasing the effective labor supply without increasing the population. We have already mentioned the effect of improved machinery and technique, which makes one labor-hour produce as much as two did before. There are in addition the large avoidable wastes in the time of labor itself. It has been estimated that fluctuations of employment in manufacturing industries are equivalent to the time of at least 1,500,000 workers continually idle. In coal mining there seems to be an excess of about 280,000 men. Fluctuations of employment in the maintenance departments of railroads create unemployment equivalent to the full time of about 155,000 workers. In building construction the toll of unemployment averages about 300,000. Making the conservative assumption that half of the above unemployment is avoidable, we have a labor loss of about 1,200,000. Similar estimates, into the details of which we need not here inquire, place the avoidable losses of man-power through labor turnover, industrial accidents and industrial ill-health at nearly another million. These estimates are conservative in the extreme. If such losses could be reduced at the rate of five percent a year, we should add to the effective labor supply the equivalent of 100,000 workers annually without a single immigrant.

The great advantage of this way of increasing the labor supply is that it adds producers to the population without adding any more mouths to feed. Therefore a higher standard of living is possible for every one. We might have either more goods or more leisure, whichever we want. We might, that is, if the process were subject to adequate control. But if productivity is increased without a comparable increase in wages, salaries and other components of the general purchasing power, we get either a depression or a proliferation of effort into all sorts of useless or harmful activity.

Those who are worrying about the labor supply might profitably turn their attention from immigration to the task of creating an ordered national economy, in which waste is progressively eliminated, productivity is increased, and the benefits are equitably distributed. In such an economy there would be neither labor shortage nor labor surplus, but steady employment in making as many things as we wanted to use, and as much leisure left over as the state of the industrial arts would permit. Under it, additions to the population would increase the volume of consumption as much as the capacity of production. All interests would therefore be indifferent to the effect of immigration on labor supply, and policy would be decided on other grounds.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Problem of Turkey

DURING the early part of one's stay in Turkey, one is haunted by the feeling that there is a thin but impenetrable veil between his vision and the realities of the country. There is an almost physical impulsion to hunt for some slight rents that may serve as a peephole, as there is a physical irritation at not being able to find it. What lies open to the eye is confused, obscure, ambiguous, inconsistent. One cannot escape the idea that close-by there exists a vantage point from which the facts would assume order and significance. And the resulting exasperation is increased rather than diminished by the realization that perhaps there is no veil, no concealed meaning; that the uncertainty lies in the elements of the situation.

One day a Turkish friend remarked that life in Turkey since the great war had been very hard; that it was almost impossible for a person with enough education to be aware of what was going on not to be a pessimist; that he was doubtful, although himself a teacher, whether the extension of education under existing conditions was desirable since the only happy persons were the fishermen and peasants who did not know enough to take cognizance of anything but their immediate surroundings and acts. "We are living in a fog. In no respect do we know what is going to happen, any more than we know how to bring to pass the things we wish to have happen. It is hard living when everything around one is so obscure that one cannot see his road six paces in advance!"

I do not know that this conversation gives the complete explanation of the perplexity of a visitor. But it so fell in with the trend of additional knowledge and observations that it seemed to be much nearer the heart of the situation than are the cocksure ascriptions of inexplicable and self-contradictory events to some definite policy on the part of those in control of Turkey's destiny. During the years of the war of independence the course of action was clear, once a few determined teachers like Mustapha Kemal had described and proclaimed it. To expel the invader, to abandon all ambitions which interfered with the unity and independence of Turkey, to assert, against every other nation, a l'outrance, the will of Turkey to be its own independent master in its own abode; such a course of action was as clear as it was urgent. But the achievement of this primary task brought to the fore all the elements of inner weakness and confusion, the heritage from the old absolutism of irresponsible religious and political power.

To the outsider accustomed to think of the war as now six years in the past, it comes as a shock to assist, as we have been doing the last few weeks, in celebrations of anniversaries of the events of the year 1922 which brought the three-and-a-half years' war-after-the-war to a close. And the reminder of the nearness of the war struggle, a struggle literally for existence carried on against seemingly hopeless odds, renders one aware that the war-psychology, which has been growing dim with us and which we are glad to forget, still hangs on in Turkey. Indeed, during the first of these two post-war years, until the second conference of Lausanne, it was not certain whether the war might not be renewed. Hence it seemed necessary for Turkey to keep alive enough of the war spirit to meet the threatening emergency. When we think how much longer than one year the suspicions, animosities and fears of the war-mind persisted among us, in spite of our infinitely greater remoteness from the scene of combat and destruction; when we think of the stupid and shameful things we did under the dominion of this hangover, we can perhaps begin to appreciate the state of mind which leads the Turks at present to do things which show both dislike of the foreigner and a short-sighted sense of their own interests.

Dread and dislike are always intensified by uncertainty and its accompanying impotency. The foreigner has much to answer for in Turkey, and this fact induces undiscriminating hostility to the foreigner as if he were a single collective entity, an antagonism shown in ways which are often more damaging to Turks than to those at whom they are directed. These acts are not so much the manifestations of a definite and consistent policy as they are expressions of an emotional condition that has nothing to do with that policy: as when the charge is brought against an American school that its buildings are painted blue and white—the Greek colors—or against a teacher in an American school that he spoke more highly of ancient Byzantine architecture in Constantinople than of later Turkish architecture—an appreciation which proves that he is dangerously pro-Greek! It is useless and harmful, I think, to seek for deeper motives behind such acts than such as actuated inflamed American patriots in the years immediately after the war.

Given a period of internal tranquility and such acts will cease as the emotions from which they spring subside. But the intrinsic uncertainty and obscurity to which they afford a momentary relief will not pass so readily. In certain respects, Turkey at present is more stable, both internally and externally, than any one of its Balkan neighbors. But the transformation of a military and theocratic despotism, whose interests required that its subjects be more barbarous than civilized, into a secular democratic state, a transformation undertaken in the midst of a terrible exhaustion following upon almost fifteen years of uninterrupted foreign wars, is no easy task.

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Ever since the president of the new republic took up his seemingly hopeless task, he has been distinguished for a certain realistic facing of facts. In such speeches of his as I have been able to read in translations no note recurs so often as the warning against entertaining illusions. In a speech which he made recently at the anniversary of the expulsion of the Greeks from Brusa he said that much as the Turks had suffered from foreign foes, their greatest sufferings had been inflicted upon them from within and by their own rulers; and that the woes from which Turkey was now suffering were due to the fact that their ancient rulers had not been able or willing to lead their people into the society of civilized nations. In another recent speech, made at the laying of the corner-stone of a memorial to The Unknown Soldier on the ground of the final decisive battle of August, 1922, he said that difficult as was the struggle against the invading foe, that fight was much easier than the economic and social battle which must be won if Turkey was to become an integral part of the civilized world.

The two sayings define the problem of Turkey in its larger outlines. The Turkish state has been a military state in which the fighting spirit was stimulated and sustained by an unquestioned identification of the ambition of the ruler with the requirements of a blind religious faith. The power, the superiority, of the Ottoman Empire was one of arms, and its administration always relied upon the force of arms, fused with religious faith, to make good all its other defects. Now that the nation of Turkey has consigned the Ottoman Empire in both its political and theocratic phases to a grave from which there is no resurrection, it finds itself held back by the very traditions, military and theocratic, out of which it is struggling to escape. Is it any wonder that action is inconsistent, that tendencies are ambiguous, and that a fog hangs over the situation? No person of any intelligence expects such a problem to be resolved in the twinkling of an eye. But also no informed person has any doubt about the sincerity of those engaged in the struggle to effect the alteration. Their sincerity, one may say, is an accentuation of the problem; if they were not so sincere, their task would not be so hard. Of success or failure no mortal can speak with complacency, but I am sorry for those who have no inkling of the heroism of the effort that is being made.

The economic aspect of the problem is marked by the same inner perplexity. Turkey was long by turns the spoiled darling and the hapless victim of the European great powers. Money was loaned to her recklessly in hope of returns to come from concessions granted with equal recklessness. Turkey never had to face the questions of natural economy which every self-respecting independent nation has to deal with. Well might she exclaim that the way of the transgressor is made easy, while that of the repentant prodigal nation is lonely and hard. Owing to the constant quest of foreign nations for concessions, Turkey, in the person of its authorities, has a somewhat exaggerated idea of the value of its natural resources and has still a tendency to seek some magic source for wealth, an arbitrary protective tariff and the elimination of the foreigner from industry and commerce being much in favor just now. It professes, and sincerely I personally believe, a great desire for foreign aid both in technical skill and in capital. But its inexperience in economic matters and its too great experience of foreign wiles, combine to render it unwilling to meet the conditions under which alone it is possible to secure capital and skill. If this meant a mere postponement of industrial development, it would not be serious. But Turkey is in a severe economic crisis which almost threatens the disappearance of the middle class. Its two greatest immediate needs, schools and a competent and honest civil administration, will require a marked economic revival.

Silly as is the comparison of the problem of Turkey with that of China, it is impossible for one who has known something of both countries to abstain from making it. The quantitative disparity, the slight population of Turkey compared with that of China, is in some degree offset by the stragetic position occupied by Turkey, as the bridge between Europe and Asia, and between northern Russian Europe and the south. Both have the same problem of transformation, a change which can be effected only from within however much it may be required by external relations. But Turkey has a military and religious tradition which China lacks, while China possesses skill in industry and trade which is lacking in Turkey. The military prowess of Turkey has made it possible for her to protect her independence in the final crisis as it was not possible for pacific China. But the struggle for economic development and for culture in art, science and philosophy may well prove more taxing for Turkey than for China. The ultimate ground for confidence is in the fact that the Turks have that intangible something which we call character. They have virility, sobriety of outlook and sincerity of purpose.

The handicap imposed upon them by the old régime is enormous. It is double: part of it is real in the heritage of ignorance and of lack of economic ability; part of it consists in the reputation which Turkey acquired and which, by foreign ignorance and by the design of interested foreign powers, leads other nations to deny to present-day Turkey a genuine change of spirit and aim. If refusal to admit the reality of the change persists the refusal may do much to prevent Turkey from receiving the assistance it needs to make the change effective and permanent. In that case the belief of liberal Turks that the most powerful enemies of the modernization of Turkey have been the professedly modern and democratic states of Europe, will receive another confirmation.

JOHN DEWEY.

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Ants, Grass and Men

A Sponge Theory of Population

CRUELLY high standards of living check the growth of population as effectively as ever did niggardly Nature.

In your community there are families possessing an automobile whose children are not properly clothed, or nourished, or doctored. Dressed to look like bankers' sons, young men stand on the corners of your streets in winter smoking cigarettes to keep warm, because they have no money for woolen underwear and top coats. The handsome coupé that flashes by your window on pleasant Sunday afternoons is not occupied as you imagined by a rising young attorney and his wife, but by a clerk from the department store; and painfully, week by week, he is paying something down on the coupé, as the price of his Sunday masquerade. He, poor fellow, has two reasons for putting off going to the dentist; we, smug souls, but one. Here then are bodies, overnerved and undernourished, offering lodgement for disease, lungs that fairly beckon the pneumonia germ; here are little folk to scold for catching frequent—sometimes fatal—colds.

Not purely human, however, is this problem of population; endless confusion has resulted from considering it—as it has always been considered—an entirely human matter. Fully grasped, the question is seen to extend to all life forms.

Here is a problem in population: Three or four ants are discovered tugging a crumb of bread toward a crack in your pantry floor. A few weeks pass and the pantry swarms; still later there are very few, an occasional marauder stealing forth when lights are out and cook has gone to bed.

You find a simple explanation: By way of the grocer boy's carrying box those first three or four ants joined your household. The little colony grew slowly. Reproduction went forward at a constant rate, established by the favorable and unfavorable accidents of millions of generations. But in your clean pantry the conditions of existence were rigorous. Food was scarce, and Cook's foot broad, and many perished. Then, one day, a glass of jelly "came apart" in some one's hand; the jelly was quickly wiped up—most of it. But, to an ant's eye, a jelly filled crack in a nice pine board is like seven days' fall of manna. The conditions of ant existence were importantly ameliorated, and the little colony became a great tribe. Then Cook, stimulated from without or within, applied strong soap and scrubbing brush. Into the cracks she daily poured potent liquids unfavorable to ant life. The population diminished rapidly.

A vacant lot, at the end of summer, will be bare of grass—perhaps here and there a random patch in some protected spot. Workmen going to and from their toil, small boys playing games and the midsummer drought have made it an almost barren place; unfavorable conditions have decimated the grass population. A few weeks later you pass by, and all is green. The owner of the adjoining property has bought the plot, thrown a fence around it, and early equinoctial rains have given it abundant water. Fixed by the experiences of a billion generations of grass, the rate of propagation did not increase; but the conditions of grass existence were ameliorated, and the survival rate enormously increased.

In some years certain waters abound with shell fish, other years there are almost none; the alternate abundance and scarcity of game birds comes readily to mind. Examples might be multiplied indefinitely, but a theory of population seems now to be emerging. Let us call it the sponge theory of population. A sponge will soak up and hold just so much water; and, whether the subject be ants or grass, mice or men, given conditions of existence will soak up and hold just so much population.

In Great Britain, in 1820, there were twenty-one million persons; in 1920 there were forty-seven million. The United States had, in 1820, a population of ten million; by 1920 it amounted to one hundred and ten million. During the century the population of Great Britain doubled, but the population of the United States was multiplied by eleven. The population of Europe, entire, compared with that of the United States in these same years, would show a somewhat similar discrepancy. As an explanation of the astounding growth in the United States a greater propagating power will not serve; for its people were Europeans transplanted, and the propagating rate of all, fixed by the windfalls and misfortunes of a hundred thousand years, was not altered in the over night of a century. Immigration and emigration fail to explain; for had all the wanderers lived until 1920, this addition would cover less than half the difference. Again, there is but one adequate explanation: The conditions of existence in the New World were more rapidly ameliorated. Huge natural resources yielded with increasing abundance under a compounding supply of ideas and machinery. The conditions of human existence in Great Britain in 1820 were capable of soaking up twenty-one million persons; and the population was twenty-one million. By 1920 considerably improved conditions could support forty-seven million. In the United States in 1820 the great wilderness with its meagre, skirting fringe of civilization could soak up but ten million persons. The

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laying open by transportation and machinery of the richest treasure chest of natural resources that ever came within the grasp of man made possible in 1920 a population of one hundred and ten million.

But a real difference exists between the human case and all other cases in population. And our theory must be amplified if it is to explain fully the problem of human population. Wealth (weal) to the lower forms of life means food—or, at most, food and shelter; while for man, wealth is of bewildering variety. To the lower forms an increase in wealth means an increase in provender and refuge; and that, as we have seen, means a corresponding increase in numbers. But human wealth may increase vastly without the slightest gain in life-sustaining essentials—a mere multiplication of the trappings of existence and no warrant for greater population. The standard of living of a spider, or a wolf, or a flower means food and shelter, and for hundreds of thousands of years it has been just that. The standard of living of mankind includes these and a great deal more in machinery and gimcracks—and the standard is rushing dizzily upward. To meet the human case in population, we must include in our formula the force of this concept—the standard of living.

At first glance huge modern wealth seems to have lifted man above the reach of the iron claw of natural selection, but the burden of a towering standard of living bears him down. The family of the modern wage earner whose wants and worries include theatre tickets, "the car," satin slippers and radio outfit can afford little thought of physical examination, or of the oculist or dentist. A servant girl stands on the street corner exposed to an icy February blast, her figure showing through her Thursday afternoon silks like a drenched cat. "I'd as soon freeze to death as not," she says, "if I thought I looked right." . . . Drifting with the herd before a blinding swirling snow a weakened doe stumbles, falls; the herd drifts on, the snow drifts over, she is covered and forgotten. . . . So with this girl.

A soaring standard of living kills as directly as niggardly Nature. More, it cuts two ways: It strangles to death the unfit, and it drives the rest to late marriage and small families. The squirrel in the treadmill cage runs furiously—and gets nowhere: We humans have created a magnificent per capita flow of wealth, but we are constantly raising our standards of living—or craving.

Under given pressure a sponge will soak up and hold just so much water; under a given pressure from standards of living the conditions of human existance will soak up and hold just so much population.

In China there are four hundred million persons and little weal (wealth); in the United States there are but one hundred and ten million and great weal. And these facts, that would have seemed so devastating to our unmodified sponge theory, are girders of strength to the theory as it now stands. For in China a family may live an entire year on the worth of one hundred dollars, but in the United States the standard of living is higher; seventeen hundred dollars, we are told, represents for a family of five the minimum of subsistence. Were the people of the United States to become content with a Chinese standard of material existence, the present annual flow of wealth (could it be converted into simpler forms—food and other fundamentals) would support a population of one billion seven hundred million. If the Chinaman, on the other hand, were to raise his standard of living to our luxurious level, but twenty-two million Chinese persons would survive—unless, of course, the annually available wealth were also increased.

Now we have our formula complete. Let us state it in so many words:

The size of a population varies directly with amelioration of the conditions of existence, and inversely with the level of the prevailing standard of living.

EZRA BOWEN.

A Short Walk

She passed me on the street, a woman
Who looked at me as though to say:
"Under your rib that was too human
Is dark that will not wear away.

"I think I see there on your left side
A twisted thing shaped like a bell
That is your heart and has a cleft side
And a hurt sound you'd never tell."

She passed; it was as though she added:
"With wool and fur your rib is gowned,
Yet it is not so deftly padded
But what I hear that broken sound."

HAZEL HALL.

Seal

Beauty's a stallion plunging in your mind
With hoofs of ice and spine of steel.
He sweats hard crystal and his mane is twined
On prongs he cannot feel.

He rears and staggers on a glacial crag,
His tail spread out all briary, gold,
With jaws hung splintered on a starry gag
And stony haunches cold.

His ribs are trellis for a vine of light
That cracks and shatters when he plunges,
With shins flung back above his belly tight,
He bounds and rakes and lunges.

Beauty's a charger vaulting up a void
With veins all checked in rigid spasm.
He hears no timid foal, with entrails cloyed,
Neigh in the flowery chasm.

GEORGE O'NEIL.

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Strains on Canadian Confederation

THE political situation in Canada needs to be reconsidered in the light of recent developments and impending contingencies. Since December, 1921, the Liberal party, led by Mr. Mackenzie King, has enjoyed a troubled and precarious tenure of office at Ottawa and has only maintained it by a policy of compromises and avoiding some deeper issues which cannot be perennially shelved.

It has, in fact, come to occupy a position parallel to that of the Democratic party in the United States. The political solidarity of a territorial bloc, French-Canada, assuring control of one-third of the seats in the federal Parliament, gives a firm foundation for a party and leaves the Liberal leaders the fairly simple task of carrying another fifth of the constituencies in order to secure the necessary majority in the House of Commons. But, since there is no such sternly conservative community in North America as French-Canada, the dead weight of its influence sterilizes the Liberal party as an instrument of reform.

Under Mackenzie King's premiership its record in office has been singularly futile. To placate extreme nationalist elements it has nagged intermittently at successive British governments on points of procedure in the effort to promote the economic recovery of Europe and incidentally to restore Canada's best market. It has brought back in an unwholesome measure the old curse of patronage whose abolition had been accomplished in a fit of national idealism during the war years. Its efforts to carry out the fiscal pledges of its platform have been feeble, and its failure to terminate wasteful pork-barrel expenditure in the face of declining revenues will confront the country with a serious deficit and the prospect of increased taxation at the end of the present financial year.

In practice, it has been sustained in office by the grace of the Progressive party, organized in 1919 by radical elements, chiefly agrarian in character. These were convinced of the futility of both the historic parties and resolved to create a new political instrument. This new party, although handicapped by inadequate leadership and parliamentary inexperience, has extracted a few reformative concessions by levying periodical "blackmail" on the King government. But the inability of its titular chieftains, for the most part ex-Liberals, to discard a certain feeling for their old faction, has prevented its being a vigorous, independent party of protest and constructive radicalism. In disgust at these feeble tactics which were undermining the party's strength in the country, the more courageous radical element of the Progressives, declining to serve any longer as a sort of foreign legion of Liberalism, withdrew before the end of last session to a separate tabernacle in the expectation that any temporary impairment of the party's effectiveness would be offset by a revival of morale and a general consolidation in the constituencies.

The troubles of the other parties have offered a unique chance of profit to the Conservatives; but internal dissensions have prevented the seizure of the opportunity. Their leader, Arthur Meighen, is admittedly the ablest and most experienced figure in Canadian public life; but French-Canada cannot be induced to forgive him for his part in the conscription controversy; and the financial and industrial mandarins of St. James Street, Montreal, which is the Canadian counterpart of Wall Street, detect in him unseemly progressive proclivities and a deplorable lack of the proper pliability with the result that their newspaper organs have been assiduously crusading against the continuance of his leadership. Recent by-elections, therefore, indicate that while Conservatism has made some recovery from the débacle of 1921, its prospects of securing at the next general election a majority, which would bring it back to power, are not roseate. Meanwhile there is a wide and growing dissatisfaction with the King government and a serious disquietude about the future of the Dominion. It has enjoyed three successively good harvests, the 1924 crop in Ontario and Quebec being unprecedented. The prices of agricultural produce, the main buttress of the Dominion's economic life, are unexpectedly high. But the prosperity of the pre-war years does not return. Taxation is almost at its war peak, yet revenues are falling and an unreduced debt burden plus a large annual deficit on the state-owned railways is a grievous load. A southward exodus on a vast scale to a land of lighter taxes and milder climate is not balanced by a thin stream of immigration, and yet in all the industrial centres the unemployed this winter are numerous. Export trade figures are artificially buoyed up by the high price of wheat and the demand of American papers for Canadian newsprint and pulpwood, which is really a severe drain upon a capital asset, but the cost of living mounts and savings bank deposits have declined some 50 million dollars in the last three years.

It is therefore little wonder that the people of Canada contemplate the greater prosperity of their nearest neighbors with a certain envy and try to ascertain why they cannot emulate it. And in the light of the circumstances Mr. Mackenzie King's nervousness about the general election which is expected is quite intelligible. He has devoted a part of the parliamentary recess to a western tour during which he has made a succession of plaintive appeals for a Liberal-Progressive alliance as the only insurance against a Conservative victory. Three months ago the conditions were distinctly favorable

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for the success of such an appeal. Now, however, they have been suddenly changed by the emergence of one of the vital issues which the Liberals would gladly suppress.

Transportation problems have always been a staple ingredient of Canadian politics. The simplification produced by the consolidation of the railways into two great systems has not eliminated them. Away back in 1897 the Canadian Pacific Railway in return for a substantial cash subsidy from the federal treasury agreed to keep in perpetuum its western freight rates. These applied to a long list of commodities, produced and needed by pioneer settlers, below a maximum schedule then set forth. These rates allowed the railway adequate revenues up to 1915 but were suspended in favor of a higher schedule to meet the exigencies of the war years when operating costs had been enormously increased. Last July, however, when the management of both the C. P. R. and the national systems protested that the special rates fixed by the 1897 agreement were quite inadequate for their needs, the King government, under pressure by the western Progressives, permitted their restoration by allowing the suspensory legislation to lapse.

Since the national system, burdened with an appalling heritage of fixed charges through the folly and greed of private entrepeneurs and their political allies, faces a chronic deficit the issue involved for it is not desperately serious. But the Canadian Pacific Railway has a sacred cow, the ten percent dividend on its common stock, and the discovery that its life was menaced by the lower rates has spurred it to prodigious efforts at legal and political surgery. Not long ago its embattled counsel induced the Dominion Railway Commission to decide that, having been created subsequent to the special agreement and having been armed with full discretionary powers about railway rates, it had authority to override the covenants of the past. It has fixed what it regards as a just and equitable tariff of rates. But the West, now mulcted each week of an extra $250,000 for freight charges, denounces this as a flagrant violation of its vested rights and ruinous to its prosperity. Beyond the Great Lakes partisan strife has for the moment been suspended in favor of a general demand that the King government exercise its power to suspend the decree of the commission and assert the supremacy of Parliament which had given legislative sanction to the special agreement. But the C. P. R. and its allies in Montreal and elsewhere have persuaded Eastern opinion that the West is unjustifiably seeking to perpetuate one of those special privileges which its radical politicians have so eloquently assailed. The government, in the meantime, fears to move.

The western attitude, ably voiced by papers like the Manitoba Free Press, is that as a result of the economic depression which has befallen Canada since the war, affecting the prairie regions with special severity, all classes whose incomes are not fixed —farmers, merchants, professional men and wage-earners—have been compelled to submit to unwelcome reductions of their earnings. The West maintains that there is no reason either of equity or public policy why its handicaps, already heavy owing to its distance from its chief markets, should be aggravated to spare a rich and powerful corporation like the C. P. R. from bearing its fair share of the common sacrifice. Here looms up a very serious issue: What Canadian Brookharts describe as the great Nonpartisan League of Montreal is determined that its will in this matter shall prevail and the West is equally resolute in the contrary determination. It is prepared, moreover, to take heroic measures if a deaf ear is turned to its demands.

In recent years local agrarian associations in the West have frequently passed resolutions advocating secession from Eastern Canada, but they were regarded as merely passing signs of rural peevishness. Now, however, there is evidence that a serious movement, promoted under respectable auspices and not frowned upon by all the conservative elements, is taking shape to segregate the western provinces as a separate Dominion under the British Crown if the East hardens its heart. The strain of keeping within the same economic hoops a community which has reached the industrial stage of Eastern Canada and another which is still in the pioneer stages of agricultural settlement, must always be difficult. The vast unpeopled wilderness between Sudbury and Winnipeg accentuates this by producing a real geographical and mental cleavage. The westerners are confident that political and commercial connections with the East are not indispensable to their existence. Last year 50 million bushels of this wheat found an export via Vancouver and Panama. The completion of the half-finished line to Hudson Bay, which, they allege, is being thwarted by eastern selfishness, would offer an alternative route. And ability to make their own fiscal arrangements and regulate their own transportation rates would in their opinion effect a vital improvement in their economic fortunes while the East would be left to repent of its selfish greed. So runs the argument and it receives wide and accumulating support.

There is also discontent with the economic results of confederation at the other end of Canada. Fiscal barriers now existing have cost the maritime provinces their best market, the New England states, with the result that they have been stagnant for almost two generations. They have been bled of the best of their population by emigration to the United States. In these provinces party fealties are deep and strong and in 1921 the Progressive campaign made no impression. Now, however, Mr. F. B. McCurdy, a millionaire financier who was a member of the last Conservative government and is leader of his party in Nova Scotia, has unex-

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pectedly begun an outspoken assault upon the present protectionist system. He declares that this system, highly profitable to the two great central provinces of Ontario and Quebec, is fraught with ruin to his own community. He counsels his people to lay aside their partisan prejudices and combine for the formation of a solid political bloc which will work to secure redress of their fiscal and other grievances.

Here, then, is a promise of substantial reinforcement for the Progressive party. The challenge, directed against the existing order, may force an early combination of the protectionists in the Liberal and Conservative parties for a defence of the economic status quo. Since they could carry Ontario and Quebec, the ensuing cleavage would reduce Canadian politics to a bitter sectional conflict and could not fail to threaten the whole structure of confederation.

From such a peril the Canadian people will assuredly seek to find some way of escape and the eventual solution may be found in a general economic and political reorganization of the British commonwealth which is now overdue. There is great confusion and strain in its diplomatic arrangements. Its retention of five or six separate compartments for its economic life not only handicaps it in international trade competition but is largely responsible for its failure to yield its citizens the material prosperity which its aggregate resources ought to offer. The British Conservative party, which has just been returned to power, is eager to act as the deus ex machina in such a reorganization, but its prospects of success are very dubious. It has professed a great interest in the Dominions, but the feeling is not exactly reciprocated.

The British Dominions, indeed, are full of elements which have an abiding and unshakeable distrust of British toryism; the Dutch cannot forget the South African War, the French-Canadians cherish an inveterate suspicion of British imperialism in any shape or form; the Irish cannot bury the past in oblivion and a vast contingent of overseas Britons, whose devotion to the motherland is firm and sincere, associate British conservatism with harsh economic and social disabilities from which either they themselves or their forebears fled. It is therefore unlikely that at the invitation of British conservatism the Dominions will agree to abate the rigid nationalism which has always proven the fatal obstacle to any schemes for the consolidation of the commonwealth. But the Conservatives may do some useful spadework. Eventually the British Labor party, freed as it is from all suspicion of class ascendency, might, if it chooses to evolve in opposition a bold commonwealth policy, turn the trick and simultaneously repair its own fortunes.

At its last annual conference a useful beginning in this direction was made when a resolution, urging that the British government enter into arrangements with the Dominions for the purchase of food supplies and raw materials in bulk was unanimously endorsed. There are today some very promising coöperative movements in Canada and the other Dominions and the next step would be to offer substantial preferences in credit facilities or special terms of storage and distribution via state-owned elevators and abattoirs. If the coöperative movements in the various British countries could thus be linked and the channels of commerce between them cleared of toll-gates now established by shipping combines and other selfish interests, free trade within the bounds of the Commonwealth would soon become a matter of practical politics. The way would then be paved for as healthy a form of international rivalry as William James could ever have invented to satisfy the combatant spirit of mankind. The United States could be allowed to persevere with the full-blooded capitalist system, which is so dear to the heart of its present rulers. The British peoples in the meantime could turn their energies to the creation of that coöperative commonwealth which their noblest spirits from Robert Owen to "A. E." have dreamed of and worked for. If they succeeded, Canadian fissures would disappear in the larger and more fruitful unity which would be achieved.

J. A. STEVENSON.

Nightmare by Day

There was no track
In the new snow.
Where could I go
Except go back
Where, row on row
The trees stood black.

This, then, was peace.
Yet something said no.
Something below
The whispering trees
Made the warm flow
In my pulses freeze.

From where I stood,
Ten yards or so
Into the wood,
I watched it go—
A trail of blood
Deep in the snow.

Nothing to show
Where it began.
No trace of man;
No other foe
More deadly than
One chuckling crow.

What was this dream?
I do not know.
But still I seem
To wait for the blow
And the red stream
Upon the snow.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

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Pegasus in the Paddock

CAN ability to judge poetry be measured? If some one should tell you that he can weigh your judgment of poetic merit, set it alongside of somebody else's and grade it, would you believe him? Or would you reply indignantly that your sense of poetic values is your own, that it is indeterminable and personal, and that it can no more be subjected to a measuring process than the depth of a father's love or the race of the wind on an unknown sea?

Bring Amy Lowell, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Louis Untermeyer, Elinor Wylie and Witter Bynner into a room together. Give them a set of four verses, each verse expressing the same idea in poetic form. Ask them to select one of the four as the "best poetry." Will they unite in choosing the same verse? Will their experienced and cultivated tastes run quickly to one as definitely better than the others? Will their poetic judgments agree?

If you are in an experimental mood, try the same game on other groups. Try it on a class of pupils in a public school. Try it on college students. Try it on a group of critics and editors. Try it on University teachers of English. Try it—if you have an interest in the perverse—on Calvin Coolidge, Charles E. Hughes, Herbert Hoover, Harry M. Daugherty, Jack Dempsey and the Prince of Wales.

Teaching the arts in schools has lately been justified on the ground that it leads to critical appreciation. It has been contended that the study of an art should enable people to know good things from bad and that this is as true of poetry as of other forms of expression. Moreover, it has been contended that such study should be followed by a preference for the good. Not only in the enjoyment of classical verses has it been contended that this result should follow, but in spontaneous discrimination among new and current forms of verse. Has this cause produced this effect? Has there been an improvement in poetic appreciation? Above all, is it possible to detect such improvement by a measuring rod, and is it possible to tell whether one person is a better judge of poetry than another?

Two enterprising teachers of English have decided that it is. They have devised a measuring rod for measuring the ability to judge poetry. One of these gentlemen is Allan Abbott, associate professor of English at Teachers' College, New York City, and the other is M. R. Trabue, professor of education at the University of North Carolina. They are persuading other teachers to use their test.

These gentlemen set about their task in a methodical and novel way. They began by selecting a large number of poems, or parts of poems, that would in their opinion be universally agreed upon as good, or at least as possessing merit. That perhaps was the least difficult part of their job. Among the poems thus favored were selections from Marmion, the dirge from Cymbeline, lines from Paradise Lost, Tennyson's Bugle Song, Amy Lowell's To a Sea Shell, Robert Frost's House Fear, Burns's My Bonnie Mary and lines from Browning's The Ring and the Book.

Having done that, they proceeded deliberately to try to spoil these. They spoiled them in three different ways. In one version they disturbed the rhythm, bungling the meter. In another they reduced the imagery of the poet to what they thought was a more commonplace level, introducing cheaper or more trite figures of speech. In the third they cheapened the emotional feeling, replacing the poet's expressions with insincere, gushy or sentimental elements. At first glance it may be thought that this, too, was not difficult, but to disturb a poem only so much and no more, especially to disturb it in some one respect and leave it intact in other respects, is perhaps a job that not every one could do satisfactorily.

These devisors of a new poetic test thus produced a large number of sets of four poems each, each set comprising some poet's original and their three spoiled versions. They now desired to eliminate from these sets those in which there was any doubt about the greater excellence of the original. How did they know that they had not unwittingly improved upon some of the poems they had selected? They were not poets, and in their bungling they might have produced greater excellence than that of the original masters. That would be to vitiate the whole performance. So they submitted the originals and their revisions to a jury of twenty-five poets, critics, editors of magazines publishing poetry and professors of literature. Their purpose was not to test this jury of specialists, but to get the specialists' judgment on the results of their own labor. The replies were interesting. One critic exclaimed "Alas, poor Swinburne!" thinking that the revisors had improved upon that poet's work, and another wrote "Would to God Robert Frost could see this!" On the whole, the revisors had to reject more than a hundred sets in which the originals failed to stand the test of the jury's choice; in these the bunglers had not done their work badly enough and the originals did not come through unscathed. There remained, however, twenty-six poems in regard to which the twenty-five selected specialists were substantially unanimous in considering the original as superior. These the revisors divided into two series of thirteen each, calling one series X and the other Y, and they had their test.

The next question was to see what would happen to it in use. They submitted it, as a test of the

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ability to judge poetry, to various sorts and groups of persons. Among the groups selected were pupils in grades five to eight of the elementary schools, high school pupils, students in the first and second years of college English, those in Junior and Senior elective classes in literature, and graduate students in English including many teachers of English. The object was to see how many right choices a person would make out of each series of thirteen sets; in other words, what mark he would get on a basis of having thirteen chances to select the original as best in each instance. This is an entertaining pastime, and can be done by anybody who will take the trouble to write to Professor Abbott or Professor Trabue and ask for copies of these sets.

There being four versions in each set, it is obvious that a person who merely went through the series at random, marking some one version in each set as best without attempting to exercise any discrimination, would by the law of averages be right in twenty-five percent of the cases. In other words, the average score of people who did it in this way would be three and a quarter right choices out of thirteen.

Now, how did the test stand up in practice? To begin with the lowest grades, the elementary school pupils made just about this chance score. Those in the fifth grade averaged 3.87, those in the sixth grade 3.68, those in the seventh 3.99 and those in the eighth 4.08. Apparently pupils in the elementary schools are not very good judges of poetry, if this test is accurate and if these pupils, numbering more than nine hundred, are representative. The marks get better as we go to persons of greater age and more maturity. In the first year in the high school pupils made an average score of 4.66, in the second year 5.11, in the third 5.24 and in the fourth 5.98.

By the time we reach college the percentage of right choices exceeds half. First year students in college English averaged 6.80, second year students 7.07, and persons taking third and fourth year elective courses in literature scored 7.96. As might be expected, graduate students, including teachers of English, made the highest score of all, attaining 9.47 right choices out of thirteen. Even this is only a score of 73 on a scale of a hundred. Of the 261 graduate students taking the test only twenty-five made a perfect score.

How do you think you would come out in this test? Here are the four versions of Sandburg's "Fog." Find the original:

A

The fog comes
On little cat feet.
It sits looking
Over harbor and city
On silent haunches
And then moves on.

B

The fog is as
Quiet as a cat.
It comes creeping over
The city
And stays there quietly
until the
First thing you
Know it is gone.

C

The fog is like a maltese cat,
It is so gray and still,
And like a cat it creeps
About the city streets.
How gray it is! How cat-like!
Especially when it steals away,
Just like a cat.

D

Who sends the fog
So still and gray?
I fondly ask
And Echo answers
"E'en the same all-seeing Eye
That sends the still, gray cat."

It is impossible to quote the longer poems used by the revisors. Here is a rhyme from Mother Goose, inserted for its poetic quality:

A

As I was going over eggs
I lost my legs;
I crooked my toes,
And over I goes.

B

As I was going to sell some eggs
I met a thief with bandy legs;
Bandy legs and crooked toes,
I tripped up his heels and he fell on his nose.

C

I broke an egg
And a thief came out.
Bow legs! Bow legs!

D

As I was going to buy some bread
I met a thief with bow legs;
Bow legs and crooked toes,
I knocked him over and down he went.

There are plenty of people to whom a test of this sort will be nonsense. They will say that you cannot set up objective standards in any art, that there is no way of going behind the statement that "that poetry is good (for me) which I like." There are others who will say perhaps that "good" and "bad" poetry do exist, that there is such a thing as critical discernment, but that you cannot teach discernment. The revisors of these versions have no doubt themselves that their measuring device has much validity, and the poets and critics whose opinions they sought generally agreed. But the inventors do not claim all things for it. The two series as given are worthless, they think, as a test of ability to judge poetry in the elementary schools. The series begin to have some significance, they think, in the upper part of the high school, and are most useful with university students and specialists in English. The tests "separate fairly well," they write in a Teachers' College bulletin, "the adequately prepared English teacher from the teacher whose standards, in poetry at least, are no better than those of her students." And the tests are perhaps of some value, they believe, as teaching devices. That is, a teacher might talk for half an hour on the beauty of rhythm in a given

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poem without much result; but by contrasts in these revisions the value of rhythm could be almost instantly revealed.

Interesting conclusions may emerge in time from the use of such devices, in regard to what kind of defect in a poem is most generally disliked. Are more people disturbed by metrical bungling in a poem, or by cheapening of the imagery, or by effusive sentimentalization? Among young readers probably metrical bungling is most offensive. Yet the authors deplore the acceptance even by college students of crude sentimentalization:

"When one considers that these sentimentalized versions include such lines as 'Tender, tender Sea Shell,' 'The happy brook frisked in the breeze, And sniffed sweet odors from the trees,' 'Sweet coal, I hear thy tender croon,' 'The sweet peas look too sweet to stay,' 'The roseate morn the cats doth chase,' 'The all-seeing Eye that sends the still, gray cat,' the marked preference even in college for this silly gush over real poetry reveals a weakness in human nature, or in English teaching, or both, that demands serious attention. Granting that it is the nature of adolescents to express emotions over-intensely, to prefer exaggeration to restraint, their souls might at least be taught not to 'throb and thrill' over sheer idiocy, like sea-shells 'neath tropic trees,' or 'fell in a faint on the floor inside.' Is it possible that further study might reveal a tendency in schools to inculcate the liking for absurdly false sentiment—perhaps an emphasis put upon it, even, by the text book or teacher?"

Children, say the authors on the basis of results achieved by the tests, prefer verses without subtlety, objective in mood, easy to understand, and in simple, strongly-marked rhythms. Vigorously expressed feeling, on the other hand, is the demand of the middle years—upper grades, high school and early college. Restraint and under-statement are not for them. "My soul revolts at many things" is to them much stronger than "My mind lets go a thousand things." What about the general appeal of poetry as a whole? There would appear to be some significance, say the authors, in the fact that so many of these poems, and practically all of the best of them, win recognition only from the college groups, and sometimes only from the graduate student of English and from expert literary groups. Is modern poetry, they ask, so specialized in its substance and in its technique as to be the cult of a highly selected and highly trained few? Should poetry therefore be kept out of the schools altogether, as something "too bright or good for human nature's daily food"? Or shall we say that the poetry that separates itself from the larger public becomes thereby minor poetry, and that the world can afford to let it go unheeded, while attending to the voice of poets who speak for, and to, the whole of humanity? These questions the authors do not attempt to answer, but only suggest them for further study.

WINTHROP D. LANE.

Call It a Year

THE dying year found Elmer Durkin, vendor of printed matter and tobacco, taking stock of the affairs of Woppington, America and the Solar System with the aid of his old friend, J. T. Riland and his young friend, "Dink" Hubbell.

"It hardly seems possible that it's over already," remarked the old editor. "I never knew one to fly so fast."

"That's funny, Mr. Riland," said Dink. "I was thinking it just crawled along."

"Relativity stuff," Elmer chuckled. "And running true to form. Dink steps on the gas to make time fly and it stalls on him; J. T. slams on the brakes and it busts the speed limit. If you want the straight dope come to Papa. Fair, fat and forty—that's me."

"No kiddin', are you as old as that?" asked Dink.

"What do you mean, old?" demanded Riland.

"Boy, page Mr. Einstein," laughed Elmer. "It's like those wise cracks Rube Goldberg used to pull. 'It all depends on the point of view.'"

"Handing out a little philosophy tonight, I see," said the editor of the Woppingtonian.

"That's all I got left to hand out. Believe me the old whiskered geezer went through my clothes like a vacuum cleaner. All the news I've heard for three weeks is 'gimme.' If a yeg breaks into this joint tonight he'll step into debt. How about you, J. T.? Any Coolidge prosperity in your works?"

"As a good Republican, Elmer, I hate to admit it, but every morning when I get to the shop I'm relieved to find that the sheriff hasn't nailed anything on the door."

"Dink, you only have one mug to feed. Are you nursing any nickels in your Kampus Kuts—this isn't a touch, just a third degree."

"Well, I was laid off quite a little this year and besides I set myself back for a five-tube set on installments, so—"

"Say no more. Everybody I know is flat, but just lamp the ads in the big papers and the dizzy prices they get away with. There must be oodles of kale splashing around. Those that have got it, have got it good and proper. The income tax figures had me groggy; I didn't know there was so much jack in the world."

"Neither did Mellon," chuckled the editor.

"Far as I can see, it's that way all over the map. England's running on low but the scenery is all hung full of millionaires. And even in Germany where they think a potato is real chow, some of those Heinies are just wallowing in the stuff."

"Still, wages are good here," said Dink.

"Sure, when the ghost walks it looks like regular dough, but by the time old H. C. L. gets through with the envelope, there's about enough left for a pound of liver at the Elite Market."

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"You got no license to talk," said Dink, "charging fifteen cents for a little paper of smokes."

"You're paying for a couple of colleges, that's the answer."

"I didn't order no colleges."

"I've got a hunch that's what puts the skids under us—paying for things we never ordered. How about it, J. T.? You're a darb at finance, even if you're a flat tire, personal."

"There's a good deal in it," the editor admitted.

Elmer played with this idea for a while. "So Dink here," he concluded, "is probably chipping in on a fund of five thousand fish to buy a mink coat for some jane he never saw, and I just made a small payment on a Rolls Royce for a total stranger in Toledo."

"Involuntary contributions," said Riland.

"This year," Elmer went on, "we come-ons blew ourselves to a lot of expensive corruption, F. O. B. Washington, with costs of investigating same. We dug up for high duties on everything and came across with campaign jack to keep the system going. We're running a high-priced navy to use in case of trouble and a Secretary to talk us into trouble. We hire a President to give orders to Congress and a Congress to give him snippy backtalk. We're kickin' in billions for things we don't want and then we're due to give three cheers because Coolidge went to Chicago in a regular train.

"If I'm any judge, 1924 was an awful flop."

"The year is dying, let him die," said the editor.

"Can't we say anything for the poor old skate before he cashes in?" asked Dink.

"Better prices for grain," suggested Riland.

"Yes," said Elmer, "and crossword puzzles. There's one grand thing for the news butcher. Not only that, but there are three daily papers in New York now for people who can't even read large print. That helps the turnover."

"Radio machines got better this year," said the young optimist.

"But their line of entertainment got worse," the editor replied.

"Well, the movies didn't get any worse."

"No; they couldn't."

"Automobiles got cheaper," persisted Dink.

"Also life," Elmer added.

"You're a couple of crapehangers," declared Dink Hubbell. "I'm going to beat it. See you next year."

Elmer ceremonially took down the old insurance calendar and threw it on the fire.

"And I hope everything will be jake with you both in 1925," said that genial pessimist. "Me, I'm going to put $2.47 in the ice box, chuck some sixteen dollar coal in the stove, turn off the electric juice, for which I am in Dutch on the October bill, lock the door on this mess of Confessions, Zippy Stories, Ambitionaries, Movie Morons and Radio Nuts—and call it a year."

FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

IN a good many ways, this administration differs from any previous one. For one thing, its incredible dullness sets it apart. In sheer dreariness it is really unrivaled in Washington.

Himself a tight-lipped, unsmiling person, Mr. Coolidge's closest companion and friend, the new Senator from Massachusetts, is wholly and completely joyless. He is by nature gray, grim and austere. There is about the third member of the trio, the pious Mr. Stearns, at times, a certain spurious gayety, a curious forced geniality, utterly different from the real thing. Essentially, he, too, is a morose and melancholy soul, whose moments of merriment are infrequent and hastily suppressed. They form an unusual combination, these three mournful men from Massachusetts, who constitute so conspicuous a part of the White House circle these days. Wholly aside from their merits as men, and without touching upon the, perhaps, debatable question to their calibre as leaders and statesmen, it is certainly not exaggeration to say they are an unexhilarating group. In fact, they lend to the White House an air of depression which flavors things all down the line. Lightness and laugher seem out of place, and a joke has a short and dreadful life in the vicinity of the executive offices. They are—these three serious, solemn fellows—endlessly engaged with details. That is the great White House game of the period—attention to details. Never before has the work been so well kept up. Letters are answered more promptly and more fully. More callers are seen, more editors lunched, more Senators breakfasted, more delegations presented. But it is all work, all detail, not play, and no one has much fun.

As to the unfortunate Slemp, he leads a dog's life. The great question is, how long will he stand it? It is no secret that neither Mr. Butler nor Mr. Stearns delights in his society, and, if the extreme peevishness with which Mr. Coolidge addresses him at times is an indication, the Presidential love for him is anything but warm. No one thinks Slemp is as deep in the Presidential confidence as a man in his position has a right to be. It is the sort of situation that could last only a short while with most men. How long it can be strung out with these is uncertain. They are all so different.

It is not a very pretty comparison, but the attitude of Bernard M. Baruch toward the Democratic National Committee inevitably suggests a shark hungrily swimming around a boat waiting for an upset. In other words, his interest in the Committee is largely contingent upon its willingness to be swallowed. Not in all its history has the Democratic organization been in such desperate financial need. There is reason to believe that Mr. Baruch, who has both leisure and money in immoderate, almost immodest, quantities, would under certain conditions not only be willing but eager to pull the Committee out of its hole and place it on a solvent and sound basis. There is no question of his ability to do this. It is not, however, reasonable to expect him to do so solely for the joy of giving, and without ulterior or selfish thought. There is a feeling that, years ago, Mr. Baruch would have financed the Committee if he had been permitted to take over the machine and run it—not run it personally, of course, nor in the open, but back of the machine, by proxy and really.

Those who have most closely observed Mr. Baruch's in-

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terest in politics and noted the lavish way in which he spreads money around the country, among Democratic Senatorial and Gubernatorial candidates, particularly noting the wide territory covered by these free will offerings, have long held the belief that what he yearns for is recognition, what he craves is power. About all there is left in life for this man is public honor and some sort of public service. He has far too active and keen a mind not to tire of unrelieved playing, and the mere accumulation of more money means literally nothing to him. He wants to play the big political game, to be in a position not only to make nominations, but decide policies and map out strategy. He would love that, and he would be very good at it, too.

The great trouble is that the Democratic party is so constituted, its leaders are so numerous, its factions so bitterly wide apart, its policies so vague and its principles so utterly indefinite and unstable, that it is in no position to place itself unreservedly in any one man's hands for rehabilitation, even though those hands happened to be as willing, as capable, and as completely dollar lined as Baruch's.

A man as clear headed as he knows these facts without being told, and it is, therefore, unlikely that Mr. Baruch will assume anything like as much of the Democratic debt as some people would like to see. Nor, here in Washington, is there much faith in the Franklin Roosevelt effort to reorganize and rebuild the party through an exchange of views as to what should be done to salvage the wreck, among eleven hundred delegates who attended the New York Convention. As these were the people who broke and buried the Democratic party in July, it may, logically, seem to be their duty to resurrect it now, but few persons other than Mr. Roosevelt would be optimistic enough to consider them qualified for the job. It is not likely, either, that Mr. Roosevelt, in his noble "get together" campaign, will be able to secure whole hearted coöperation from either the practical men who control Democratic primaries in the States, nor from the Chadbournes, Baruchs, Watsons, Ryans, and others who furnish the money for Democratic fights. Coöperation outside of these two classes will not mean very much nor get very far. Mr. Roosevelt's intentions are, undoubtedly, high minded, not to say noble, but a more futile idea would be hard to conceive. The acid Mr. Glass has it right—what the Democratic party needs is luck, and a lot of it.

The obviously calculated consistency of the support given Mr. Coolidge, almost from the start, by the entire Hearst press, presents one of the most significant and remarkable political phenomena of the period. That Mr. Hearst, whose journalistic talons have been deeply sunk in the back of every national administration, regardless of party, since he became a figure in the publishing world, should turn his twenty odd newspapers into almost pro-administration organs, and have the brilliant Brisbane regularly and frequently anoint and glorify the President, instead of assailing him with his customary ferocity, is an interesting and amazing thing. When compelled to differ with the President, the Hearst papers do so apologetically, and with protestations of their belief in his essential goodness and wisdom. It is a new key in which Mr. Hearst sings. If there is an adequate and satisfying explanation, it has not yet been advanced. A number of suggestions have been made, the most plausible being that Mr. Hearst was caught last spring, like most of the other wealthy newspaper proprietors, by the fascinating lure of the Mellon bill, and turned to the support of Mr. Coolidge as the one way to reap the obvious advantages that would follow the enactment of that measure. But that is not like the Mr. Hearst of other days. It is easy to understand the flopping of the average publisher back of the Mellon bill before the provisions of the bill were printed, but hard to reconcile that sort of thing with Mr. Hearst. Usually, he has bolted in exactly the opposite direction to his brother publishers. This time, and for the first time, he fell in line; and he has been keeping step with the New York Herald-Tribune, the Public Ledger, Mr. Munsey, J. P. Morgan and Big Business generally. Something has certainly happened to Mr. Hearst. That, of all Presidents, Mr. Hearst, with his record and views, should have picked the ultra-conservative Coolidge to support, continues to be the great unexplained journalistic and political development of the year.

In a number of characteristic ways, Mr. Coolidge has shown he is neither unaware nor unappreciative of the Hearst support. The most recent was the inclusion as a Presidential Mayflower guest of one of the principal Hearst editors and advisers—and his wife—along with several other journalistic and radioistic Coolidge eulogists.

Practically everyone in Washington agrees that, as a Cabinet officer, the present Secretary of the Navy has not been a shining success. In some cynical quarters, he is referred to as a net loss. Certainly, much of the gilt has been rubbed off him since he came out of California, and he has been anything but the conspicuous ornament to the national service so enthusiastically predicted by his press agents. In administration organs of the first rank, forecasts of his retirement have been frequently made, and various ideas of shunting him out of the Cabinet, without embarrassment to the President, or hardship to himself, have been advanced. The most recent is the suggestion that he will remain at the head of the Navy until the first vacancy occurs on the Supreme Bench, and will then receive a Presidential appointment to that lofty and restful haven. This may or may not be the President's purpose. No one is in a position to know, but, if it is, there will certainly be great difficulty in carrying it out. The mere rumor around Washington has been sufficient to bring from Senators, outside of the Progressive group, fervent declaration that they would fight the confirmation of such appointment. It is doubtful whether the administration could get it through the Senate—and the fact that such doubt exists makes it reasonably certain the appointment will not be made. There is in Mr. Coolidge no disposition to hunt a fight on this or on any other matter. Those who have had superior opportunities for observation of the working of the Presidential mind are convinced he will do nothing at all in the Wilbur situation, but wait for it to work out. That is the characteristic Coolidge thing to do. Action is not his long suit. If Mr. Wilbur voluntarily resigns, all will be well. If he does not, Mr. Coolidge will do nothing about it. All through his career, the Coolidge custom has been to meet embarrassing situations by preserving a silent inactivity just as long as possible. That is exactly what he did in the Boston Police Strike, and on a number of other occasions. Often, time solves his problems without effort on his part. Perhaps it will this one.

One thing that can be said for the new leadership in the Senate is that it functions. Not only that, but it is the

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only leadership the Republicans have had in the Senate in a long time that has functioned. Under the late Lodge, the Senate machine was a feeble and futile thing. Mr. Lodge's personal intolerance and his contemptuous indifference toward the local legislative troubles of his colleagues, made his leadership ineffective and the Republican forces under him lacked cohesion and spirit. While he could be, at times, utterly charming and attractive, the Lodge manner was often repellant and brusque.

The Curtis methods are wholly different. Suave, friendly, and shrewd, an adept in log rolling, patient, plodding, tireless, Senator Curtis, as the new Senate leader, will exhibit no brilliant qualities, but he is fairly sure to get better results than ever Mr. Lodge did.

Of course, there are going to be no results to speak of at this session. The administration has practically abandoned any except non-controversial measures, and is waiting until the next Congress assembles, with its regular Republican majority in both branches, before putting the program to the test. It may, or it may not be successful then, but there is not the slightest doubt its chances of success have been improved by the change in leadership. Curtis, as the leader, Jones as the whip, and Wadsworth at the wheel of the steering committee, not only work in complete accord, but they work. If with a machine thus managed, a regular organization majority in House and Senate, and thousands of Federal plums to distribute, Mr. Coolidge is unable to get his party to follow him in the next session better than he did in the last, it will be a surprising thing. It is almost impossible to see how he can fail.

About the most absurd assumption that has been made by administration spokesmen and correspondents in the last few weeks is that failure to consult Senator La Follette's wishes in the matter of Wisconsin postmasterships, is in the way of punishment to the Progressive leader. To read the inspired dispatches in some of the leading Republican organs on this subject, one would imagine that Mr. La Follette's political power and prestige centered around these Wisconsin postmasters, and that Presidential refusal to permit him to have a say as to these appointments is a crushing blow. Mr. Coolidge is represented as "firm and unyielding" in his attitude, and as having definitely shown by this "determined step" his purpose to back up the Republican Senators who recently read Senator La Follette and other Progressives out of the party. The characteristic solemnity with which this situation is treated by administration writers is hard to exaggerate. It is just about the summit of absurdity. Of course, the fact is that not in years has Senator La Follette been consulted in the matter either of Wisconsin postmasterships, or any other residential appointment to positions in his State. Neither in this administration or the last, has Senator La Follette made any recommendations for Presidential appointments, either in his own or any other State. The ridiculousness of taking away from a man what he has neither had, asked for, or desired, does not seem to impress the administration organs, which have teemed with editorials congratulating Mr. Coolidge on his firmness. It is on a par with the action of the regular Republican Senators in deciding not to invite La Follette to the Republican caucuses, which for years he has regularly refused to attend.

T. R. B.

Washington.

CORRESPONDENCE

No Third Party

SIR: A large proportion of those of us in the Middle West who supported La Follette cannot support the plan of organizing a national third party.

In a state like Nebraska, for example, with its 450,000 voters, there are probably one hundred thousand who vote the Republican ticket regardless of who the candidates are or for what the party stands. There are probably sixty thousand who bear the same relation to the Democratic party. Had George W. Norris run as a third party candidate, he would in all likelihood have been defeated; but on the Republican ticket, nothing could stop him. In other words, a third party is all right for educational purposes, but it is not a workable method by which to elect men to office. The progressives must recognize the political inertia of at least one-half of the population. Our method of political operation must be such that we will either have the benefit of that inertia or at least that it will not count against us.

Political parties as such are neither good nor bad; they take their color and character from the men in control. Parties are much like automobiles, they are the means by which we get somewhere. When one buys a second-hand car he does not inquire whether it has previously been operated by a bootlegger; his only interest is whether or not it will do the business. So it is with the Republican party in the Middle West. It is a political automobile with a good engine and capable of high speed. Political bootleggers and porch-climbers may have been using it. But what of it? We have the power to kick them out and take hold of the steering wheel ourselves. The Direct Primary is the method; it makes the voters the owners of the parties.

The situation may be illustrated in another way. A farmer from time to time ships his cattle to Chicago over a railroad. He dislikes the management; the rates are high and service is bad. What should he do? Proceed to build a new railroad to Chicago? No; public or coöperative ownership and management he thinks is the solution. Using the illustration, we do not like the management or the service of the present political railroads to Washington. Shall we proceed to build a new railroad? Or shall we through the Direct Primary bring about public ownership and control of the existing political common carriers?

The latter plan is practical politics. If we will contribute an equal amount of energy, money and enthusiasm, as some have used in trying to organize a third party, we can by means of the Direct Primary put the progressives in control of the Republican party. We do not contemplate moving out of the country because organized wealth may be in control. The stars and stripes is still our flag, although its custodian may be an enemy of the best interests of America. And so with the Republican party. It has fallen into bad hands; but it deserves a better fate than to be abandoned to the mercy of Smoot, Butler and Dawes.

If we will, we can take the party out of the hands of those who seek to use it for personal gain; we can make it a party of all the people for the interests of the many, a party which Lincoln would be proud to join. The rank and file of the Republican party in the Middle West have elected Norris, Borah, La Follette, Howell, Capper, Frazier, Brookhart, Couzzens, Norbeck and Ladd to the Senate. That is more than a third party could do in a quarter of a century. There are men around which to build a greater Republican party. In this new Republican party, Borah and Norris shall be its apostles and Smoot and Dawes the heretics. Excommunication will then be the fate, not of La Follette, Frazier, Ladd and Brookhart, but of Fall, Denby, Daugherty et al.

In that party no caucus or convention-chosen leader will have the right to dictate to members of Congress. The Senators from Nebraska will be responsible to the people of that state for their votes and conduct, not to the caucus of their party. Bolting one or more of the party's candidates will be punishable only by the voters. It will be recognized that the party belongs to the people and not the people to the party and independent thinking and voting will not be a crime punishable by political ostracism. The young man, the man in overalls, the farmer and the country banker will have a voice in the party. The business interests of the country will have an interest in the party, but not a controlling one, for the party's motto will be the most good to the most people and special privileges to none.

Lincoln, Neb. C. A. SORENSEN.

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A Great Journalist

Joseph Pulitzer, His Life and Letters, by Don Seitz. New York: Simon and Schuster. $5.00.

WHAT did Joseph Pulitzer want from life? He must have wanted something; few persons have made such a vigorous, concentrated and sustained assault on the world as his. Did he seek money? He was enormously successful at acquiring it; but if I read him correctly, the financial reward was always an incidental by-product of activities pursued for their own sake. Was it fame? He kept himself as completely anonymous as he could. Power? What human doesn't wish it?—yet I find no evidence that he had any interest in controlling other men save as it helped him spur them on to serve a cause for which he himself sacrificed his eyesight and half the strength of his body.

His one true object, so far as one can discover from reading the books about him, of which Mr. Seitz's is the latest and largest, was adventure: the face in his dreams was always the bright face of danger. The Freudians would tell you that the desperate abandon with which he spent his body and soul in building his newspapers was an escape from something else, some deeply-rooted unhappy preoccupation, which gave him no peace. Perhaps they are right. At any rate, we have the recorded fact of a life which, after several false starts, found a labor upon which it concentrated so passionately, so unreservedly, that the familiar simile of moth and flame for once seems legitimate.

Most people have heard at least a little of the story of the Hungarian-German boy who came to America in 1864 and swam from his ship to the Boston beach in his eagerness to get ashore and join the Union Army. After the war he suffered—as a German-speaking, drifting ex-soldier in St. Louis—those hardships which American taste prescribes for the early years of one who is to become great. The qualities which marked him all his life, brilliance and colossal power for effort, showed themselves as soon as as he went to work, and in 1871 the proprietors of the paper on which he was employed, the Westliche Post, sold him a part interest on what he afterwards described as "very liberal terms"—which probably means that they gave him a block of stock, to be paid for out of his share of the profits, not an uncommon method by which a newspaper seeks to hold a good man.

Shortly afterward he sold his interest for $30,000; and secured $20,000 more by a shewd purchase and resale of another paper with a precious Associated Press franchise. In 1878, after he had spent most of this capital, he bought the St. Louis Dispatch at a Sheriff's sale for $2,500 cash; merged it with another crowbait paper, the Post; and promptly made the combination the huge unvarying success it has been ever since. The fortune which thereafter began to pile up was for Pulitzer only a springboard; in 1883 he bought from Jay Gould the moribund New York World for $346,000, and from that day until his death in 1911 this paper, and above everything its editorial page, was all his life. In 1887 the Evening World was established. In that year Pulitzer confessed to a friend that the earnings of the morning edition during the previous twelve months had been "over $500,000."

As a permanent phenomenon, of course, conscientious editors do not exist. They all die young. A newspaper offers such a limitless field for human activity that any man who tries to do all the things which present themselves as needing to be done merely signs a promissory note for his coffin. Pulitzer's early years of intense activity had already strained a somewhat frail physique; and particularly his eyes. Hardly had the World been fairly launched before he slipped down into a semi-invalidism which kept him away from the office practically all the rest of his life. In 1890 his eyes gave way entirely, and thus stricken he was forced to withdraw, technically at least, from his position as editor of the World.

Then began the extraordinary twenty years' fight to surmount the affliction of blindness. Possessing a huge income, more than sufficient though he dispensed like a rajah, he would not lie back and be a wealthy invalid. Surrounding himself with a staff of intelligent young men who, as secretaries, were to be his eyes, he lived (mostly on his yacht, the Liberty) a feverish wild life of fierce though hopeless struggle against an insuperable handicap. The World, usually the morning edition only, was read to him daily; and daily he poured out to the staff a stream of comment, criticism, suggestion, warning—sometimes a few faint pipings of praise. Now and then this came by word of mouth, but mostly it was in the form of notes and memoranda to various individuals. He wrote virtually nothing else; in fact he excluded himself deliberately from human contacts, believing seriously that the honest journalist must not let his naked blade get tangled in the silken threads of friendship. Mr. Seitz quotes generously from these missives to the men who made the World; and they form a picture of their author too complete and fine for me to foreshorten into a reviewer's paragraph.

It is fair, however, to summarize his ideals for the World, as he repeatedly expressed them. Above all else, he wanted the paper to be fearless and free. No vested interest must ever have any strings on it, and particularly must this be true of his own interest as a wealthy man. Characteristic of many admonitions on this point was a remark he made in 1907 to Frank Cobb, editor of the World:

> I am, as you probably know, a large owner of stocks. Some of them are bound to be affected by public action. I am not sure of myself when I see my interests in danger. I might give way some day to such a feeling and send you an order that would mean a change in the paper's policy. I want you to make me a promise. If I ever do such a thing swear that you will ignore my wishes.

Despite this passion for impartiality, Pulitzer was by no means a radical, and his papers were and are not often found crusading for lost causes. His was that rarest form of fairness—the fairness of strength which insists that weakness shall have full hearing. That spirit, still surviving in the pages of the World, many of its readers believe to be its most precious asset.

In the dulled coin which goes as gold for the public mind, Joseph Pulitzer is known as one of the fathers of yellow journalism; and the bare statement is cruelly false. It is true that not he, but men in his employ, some years after blindness had smitten him, participated in a race with William Randolph Hearst to see whether the Evening World or the Evening Journal could break out in the mere violent rash of big type—a disease which, in its worst phase, was as brief as it was violent. It is also true that all his life Pulitzer had a genius for hitting the nail of popular interest squarely with the hammer of journalistic enterprise. But yellow journalism as we know it today Pulitzer

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would have abhorred as an abomination. From the point of view of those who make and buy a typical "picture tabloid," for instance, he would have ranked as a hopeless highbrow. His own public writings, while always clear and simple, took for granted in his readers a minimum degree of intelligence and culture far higher than most newspapers—even good ones—assume today. He believed heartily that one could and should state any thought so simply that plain people can understand it; but there was the all important difference between his attitude and that of today's yellow journalists, that while he compromised on manner, he never did so on matter.

For Don Seitz, writing this book about a man with whom he was intimately associated so many years has clearly been a labor of love; and it is with reluctance that a reviewer records the fact of an only partial success. He has worked conscientiously, the information is all there, but the differences of temperament between biographer and subject are visible on every page and prevent the book's being as interesting, by a long way, as its hero. The busy journalist, impatient publisher, dictatorial invalid, luxury-loving millionaire are properly paraded; but the essential man behind these facets of a career remains blurred if not obscured. The character is far more completely set forth, for instance, in Alleyne Ireland's story some years ago of the experiences of a Pulitzer secretary. In fairness I should add that Mr. Seitz's book makes no pretensions to the perfection, the lack of which I deplore. It is a simple, candid story of a rather great man; one which newspaper workers will read with avidity, and all students of character will find well worth looking into.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Some Recent History

Recollections of Imperial Russia, by Muriel Buchanan. New York: George H. Doran Company. $5.00.

The Collapse of Central Europe, by Karl Friedrich Nowak. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $8.50.

The Defeat in the Victory, by George D. Herron. Boston: Christopher Publishing House. $2.00.

Those Europeans, by Sisley Huddleston. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

The Revival of Europe, by Horace G. Alexander. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.00.

Our Foreign Affairs, by Paul Scott Mowrer. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

HERE is a ten-inch shelf of recent history, representative if not exhaustive. You have something of the Europe of which war was a natural product; of Europe crashing down on its sapped foundations after four years of war; of the sham structure of peace erected on the ruins and now palpably shaking; of the men who ruled Europe in war and rule it in peace; of the frail hope for a regenerated Europe embodied in the experiment at Geneva; and lastly, of America, the lusty war baby, and its relation to the other nations. From one angle of vision and then another you look at the world as this generation has known it, and you come out at the end not without confidence. A world that can survive such experiences under such leadership is invulnerable against anything short of natural cataclysm.

It is the daughter of the last British ambassador to Tsarist Russia who writes her recollections of pre-war Russia, and she is more Tsarist than her father's own memoirs reveal him to have been; more Tsarist, indeed, than most of the Russian people and many of the Tsar's court.

Miss Buchanan's first Russian recollection is of an opera at which she sat in a box adjoining the one occupied by the Tsar. She was but eight or nine years old and at a loud explosion on the stage closed her eyes and clung tightly to the rails. When she opened her eyes "the Emperor had turned around and was smiling at me." Not that alone but he told her mother "he quite understood" that she was frightened at the noise and added; "Please tell her that I hated it, too." She was "overcome with pride and delight." And though she did not know it then and does not even now, from that point forward her views on Russia were fixed. So it becomes possible for her to record solemnly her remembrance of an Imperial ball at which the Grand Duchess Olga actually "danced every dance and enjoyed herself as simply and whole-heartedly as any girl at her first ball." And she "a Grand Duchess."

This being what Miss Buchanan remembers of the old Russia, you know that the present form of government in Russia is something crouching, a grey wolf on the crumbling ruins with bared fangs and red-rimmed eyes," a government created and maintained only by a "handful of Jews and foreign outcasts" who "teach their children to defy laws and morality." And you can imagine what she must think of Ramsay MacDonald.

On a different mental level is Dr. Nowak's account of the collapse of the Central European coalition in the last year of the war. This is a book that no student of the history of the war can overlook and that no layman who likes his history written with a sense of dramatic values, as well as authoritativeness will want to overlook.

Here is shown how Austria carried within itself the seeds of its own destruction on the day it declared war against Serbia and how time militated unconquerably against Germany, aided by the blindness of the German leaders. Austria went to war a house divided against itself. Under the strain of fighting on two fronts and hunger at home it fell apart, shattered by the undermining of the hostile subject nationalities as much as by attack from without.

Full eighteen months before the armistice Count Czernin, the Austrian foreign minister, warned Berlin that Austria was near exhaustion and must have a negotiated peace. The German Command was drunk with success and would have none but a peace of dictation. It remained drunk to the end. When Ludendorf finally appealed for an armistice it was too late for anything but surrender. It is a legend throughout Germany to-day that the Empire was laid low by the "stab in the back." It was, but what stands out vividly in Dr. Nowak's work is that the thrust was dealt, not by the socialists, as the legend now runs, but by the ruling classes.

The Defeat in the Victory, by George D. Herron, is the familiar story of the great betrayal by the Peace Conference, told by one of the original Wilson apostles, one of those who, hating war, yet threw themselves into the last war as a crusade to regain Paradise. This is a record of disillusionment, written with all the more bitterness for being in the nature of confession.

Without seeking to excuse Mr. Wilson for his surrender, Mr. Herron, who was attached to the peace mission in a semi-official capacity, blames Mr. Wilson himself less than the "regency of Colonel House . . . a mind so essentially inferior . . . who served the imperialisms of

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England and France with such acceptable if blind fidelity," and on the staff at the Hotel Crillon, an "extraordinarily incompetent if not fatuous assemblage . . . filled with conflicting egoisms." What Mr. Herron tells has already been told by many others and generally in a less revivalistic tone, but it cannot be told too often.

Those who read more of foreign affairs than the first three paragraphs of the news cables will know everything that is to be found in Sisley Huddleston's sketches of Europe's leaders, but those who read only that will learn much that they need to know. It is a collection of journalistic pieces giving the externals of Ramsay MacDonald, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Poincaré, Mussolini, etc., etc., with Anatole France thrown in for some unfathomable and incongruous reason. Mr. Lloyd George is an apt improviser rather than a student. M. Clemenceau has a mordant wit, as illustrated by some of his most familiar mots, Signor Mussolini is a master of stage effects, Anatole France is an ironist. You are told these things, together with some equally external facts about contemporary Europe in the it-is-earnestly-to-be-hoped editorial-writer manner, but it is doubtless better that even externals be told in any manner than nothing at all.

Mr. Horace G. Alexander has written something unique in the literature of the League of Nations. He is frankly an advocate of some form of internationalism and of this League as a concrete beginning, but with an intellectual integrity that is singular in the treatment of a subject on which men are either fanatically for or fanatically against, he emphasizes the League's sins of omission even more than its few virtues of commission.

When there is set down without bias a balance of the League's achievements and failures, only the firmest or blindest faith remains unshaken. The League has been unhesitant in the proclamation of abstract ideals or of far-reaching measures to which only the second-class nations of Europe and Central and South America have subsequently subscribed. It has been fair in judgment of disputes involving minor Powers. It has evaded every important crisis since the war or used it to further the interests of one of the Powers that dominate the League Council. Mr. Alexander touches the vital point when he says that the League "will remain an ineffective instrument until one of the great Powers voluntarily accepts a decision of the League that conflicts with its own interests."

Amid all the welter of League propaganda this book stands out in refreshing contrast. For those confused by this propaganda and yet desirous of unprejudiced evidence, this book is invaluable. It is far the best on the subject. And the few nice hits in passing at American self-complacency make it healthy reading for Americans.

Mr. Mowrer believes that America must abandon its provincial isolationism and coöperate with the rest of the world. When he cites as the two great supports of isolationism America's belief in its inherent moral superiority and its fear that contact with foreign nations lays us open to "being harmed, or tricked, or evilly tangled," one is tempted to agree with him. Temptation cools when one reads further on, that neither peace nor trade can now be assured by any other means than coöperation and that foreign policy should henceforth be directed definitely "in our own enlightened interest, toward world-peace and economic expansion, by the device of fearless, courteous and whole-hearted coöperation with other predominant Powers." Mr. Mowrer argues cogently and fairly, but he would be more convincing if more questioning. If, for instance, he did not make such statements as that "Democracy, our first and most persistent ideal (meaning America) has conquered the earth," and that "the finest thing about our American press is its ideal of public service."

NATHANIEL PEFFER.

T. S. Eliot and the Seventeenth Century

Homage to John Dryden, by T. S. Eliot. The Hogarth Essays. London: The Hogarth Press. 2s. 6d.

THIS small volume contains three essays on seventeenth century poetry in Mr. Eliot's best vein. The discussion of English literature has suffered peculiarly from a lack of well-informed and independent criticism outside its official historians, who as a rule accept the same scheme of rankings and hand the same phrases on to one another. It was the great merit of George Moore's imaginary conversations with Edmund Gosse that they attempted to disturb this system. Mr. Moore, reading many celebrated English novels for the first time rather late in life, complained, as a novelist, that the actual artistic qualities of these works did not fit the conventional accounts of them; and Mr. Gosse, who had come to guard the treasures of English culture with almost as little over-exercise of the critical sense as the Beefeater who watches the Crown Jewels in the Tower of London, was represented as rather hard put to it to make a satisfactory defense. So Mr. Eliot, who has the advantage over Mr. Moore of having studied his subject as thoroughly as any compiler of text-books, becomes bored with the cliché reputations of the English poets: he is tired of hearing about Ben Jonson's "comedy of humors" and the "quaint conceits" of the "metaphysical" poets and the superlative lyric excellence of Wordsworth and Shelley. And he sets out to find what artistic realities are laid away in these parroted phrases.

One of the features of Mr. Eliot's revaluation is a dissatisfaction with the nineteenth century and a corresponding enthusiasm for the Elizabethans and the seventeenth century. I am not sure that, in his reaction against the vulgar conception of English poetry as coming to its fullest growth in the romantics and Victorians, with Milton and Shakespeare as lonely oaks out-topping the barbarous undergrowth of earlier periods, he has not sometimes fallen over into paradox in urging the claims of the comparatively neglected. Does he not, for example, exaggerate a little when he says that Dryden's "powers were, we believe, wider but no greater, than Milton's," as if implying that they were as great, and when he describes Marlowe—with all his merits—as "a man of prodigious intelligence"? And I should also like to protest against his use of a certain passage from Dryden's Secular Masque—which has already been used by Mrs. Colum in an essay of her own for the same purpose—as a proof of Dryden's poetic genius; this passage when taken by itself may be made to sound quite exciting, rather like something in Mr. W. B. Yeats, but it seems to me difficult to continue to regard it as impressive when one has looked it up and fund out what it actually means in the essentially interesting form in which it occurs. Mr. Eliot has a curious weakness—in his own poetry it appears as a gift—for finding in isolated passages of this sort effects which they were evidently never intended to convey.

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Another example in this book is to be found in the turn he gives to certain lines in Bishop King's Exequy on His Dead Wife: here, he says, "there is that effect of terror which is several times attained by one of Bishop King's admirers, Edgar Poe." It certainly is possible by quoting these lines separately to lend them an effect of terror; but I doubt whether anything of the kind was intended by King or that any one but Eliot would have thought of it. It is the poet Eliot and not the poet King or the poet Dryden who expressed his temperament in these selected passages—the poet who has already given a new color and meaning to lines taken out of their context from his predecessors by embodying them in his own poems.

These minor exaggerations do not, however, impair the force of Mr. Eliot's excellent case for the superior artistic seriousness and success of the seventeenth century poets over their eighteenth and nineteenth century successors. "The difference," he writes, "is not a simple difference of degree between poets. It is something which had happened to the mind of England between the time of Donne or Lord Herbert of Cherbury and the time of Tennyson and Browning; it is the difference between the intellectual poet and the reflective poet. Tennyson and Browning are poets, and they think; but they do not feel their thought as immediately as the odor of a rose. A thought to Donne was an experience; it modified his sensibility. When a poet's mind is perfectly equipped for its work, it is constantly amalgamating disparate experience; the ordinary man's experience is chaotic, irregular, fragmentary. The latter falls in love, or reads Spinoza, and these two experiences have nothing to do with each other, or with the noise of the typewriter or the smell of cooking; in the mind of the poet these experiences are always forming new wholes." And in another connection, "When we come to Gray and Collins, the sophistication remains only in the language, and has disappeared from the feeling. Gray and Collins were masters, but they had lost that hold on human values, that firm grasp of human experience, which is a formidable achievement of the Elizabethan and Jacobean poets. . . . The effort to construct a dream-world, which alters English poetry so greatly in the nineteenth century, a dream-world utterly different from the visionary realities of the Vita Nuova or the poetry of Dante's contemporaries, is a problem of which various explanations may no doubt be found; in any case, the result makes a poet of the nineteenth century, of the same size as Marvell, a more trivial and less serious figure."

Perhaps the most interesting discovery in the book is the resemblance which Mr. Eliot finds between the seventeenth century poets and the Elizabethans, on the one hand, and Baudelaire and the French Symbolists, on the other. A "telescoping of images" and "multiplied association" is characteristic of both. They both possess "a mechanism of sensibility" which can "devour any kind of experience" and their poems are equally complex. They perform the function of the poet indicated by Mr. Eliot in the first of the passages quoted above—that of "amalgamating disparate experience." That is why Webster and Donne have come back into fashion in America and England simultaneously with the belated English symbolistic movement which derives its original inspiration from Rimbaud and Laforgue. Young people no longer object, like William Archer, to the absurdity of Webster's plots nor, like Bernard Shaw, scoff at his intelligence. They know that he is a poet trying to convey special effects of feverishness and apprehension rather than a dramatist like Sir Arthur Pinero, and that he succeeds where a modern symbolistic dramatist like Maeterlink fails. Mr. Eliot has profited in his own practice as a poet by the discovery which he here expounds and this is one of the facts which has given him his importance in contemporary literature. He has carried on the French tradition of Symbolism in English—unlike many other English-writing Symbolists—by working from the English tradition of "wit" and "metaphysical poetry" which came to an end in the seventeenth century.

EDMUND WILSON.

The Mystery of Religion

Primitive Religion, by Robert H. Lowie. New York: Boni and Liveright. $3.50.

SCIENCE is a delicate instrument. Its edge pares through the opaque rind of unintelligible fact with cleaner and more revealing strokes than men have ever made before. But like any delicate instrument, it must be used with meticulous care. In foolish or unwary hands it may be applied so maladroitly that its edge is turned and hopelessly blunted by material it was never meant to cut. That famous remark of the astronomer that he had searched the heavens with his telescope and found no God, for instance, is bad theology but worse astronomy. Hunting for God with a magnifying glass is scarcely less silly than seeking Him in the inter-stellar spaces. The machinery appropriate to the observation of a solar eclipse is as ineffective as the playthings of a child for penetrating the secrets of the heart. Indeed, these principles, the recognition that the limitations of any science are as sharp as the cutting edge of its analysis, are so obvious that their reiteration would be quite unjustifiable if they were not so continually denied or overlooked. Our knowledge increases, but the confusion of our most fundamental thoughts has not been proportionately abated. The useful formulas of one research are continually being thrown across into another analysis with the effect of a wrench in a dynamo. Theoretical consistency is as difficult as ever.

No source of confusion is more potent than religion. The reason is apparent. Religion is, in a certain sense, the synthesis of life. In it human thought and feeling reach a focus. Here no partial view, no limited conception, is satisfactory. Where religion is concerned the problems reach across the boundaries of sciences and require the application of finite instruments to transcendental problems. Confusion, therefore, is inevitable. A student of anthropology, like Professor Lowie, is better equiped than any one else for observing all the manifestations of the religious sentiment and all the embodiments of religious faith. He is, so to say, a historian with a difference. Instead of being limited to the collations of the articulate records of the law and recent literary peoples he necessarily roams at large among all the cultures of civilization. Furthermore, he roams alone. The economist prefers to handle only the complex pecuniary organization of modern culture. Even the sociologist finds the constellation of contemporary institutions more satisfying to his taste for social problems. Where primitive society is concerned no departmental fences have been put up. And most human history is the history of primitive society. Nevertheless, even the anthropologist suffers from theoretical limitations. He can deal with whole civilizations, but he is still, perhaps, only a collector, the curator of the sticks and stones and broken bones that are to be seen

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in his museums. His technique is that of historical classification. At interpretation he is still no better than the next man.

This, accordingly, is the weakness of Professor Lowie's interpretation of religion. When he draws his pictures of the religions of primitive society he shows a breadth of understanding and a catholicity of interest which none but an anthropologist could muster. But when he attempts analysis, when he sets out to isolate the "central," or "fundamental," or "indispensible" element of religious experience, he is hacking at a theoretical problem with instruments not at all adapted to the purpose.

Compare the ensuing result with Professor Lowie's achievement in an earlier book also, in a sense, directed at a theoretical issue. Primitive Society was a discussion of the question of what is the fundamental law of historical development, just as this one inquires what is fundamental in religion. That study, like the present volume, represented a critical reconsideration of the classic doctrines of anthropology in the light of the facts which recent field workers have established. But—and this makes all the differences between success and failure—Primitive Society was agnostic where Primitive Religion is dogmatic. Confronted with the question whether the classic theories (Tylor's and Morgan's theories) of social evolution were sound or not, Dr. Lowie used his material critically. At the very outset, indeed, he protected himself from from compensatory error, from criticizing Tylor by leaning in the opposite direction, by raising the question not whether Tylor's laws were sound but whether the data justify any law of social evolution. The data which he then massed about the nineteenth century theories in so professional a fashion served first thoroughly to disestablish the overhasty evolutionary generalizations of the earlier generation and then to protect present writing from similar though contradictory assertions. His case was a crushing one: the "unilineal" theory of social evolution was untenable not because another similar hypothesis had been established but because no such generalization could be supported by the facts.

But in Primitive Religion a contrary logic is employed. Nowhere does the anthropologist doubt that religion has a "fundamental" element. He attacks Tylor's theory that religion springs from animism, Frazer's theory that it grows out of magic, Durkheim's proposal of a fundamental differentium between sacred and profane. In each case the facts of primitive life, in which Professor Lowie shows the proficiency of a leading authority in a science in which America has never been behindhand, serve to build a quite conclusive case against each various polarization of religious life. But never does he doubt that there is still such a pole.

The "solution" which Professor Lowie accordingly allows himself to suggest is a simple one. Probably it is proof against most of the facts which have annihilated his predecessors. But that may be only because it is too tenuous to be objectionable. His belief is that the core of religion is the presumption of the Extraordinary and the sentiments which it straightway engenders or invokes. It would probably be difficult to deny that there lies very near the center of religion the conception of a break in the day's occupation, the notion of a transcendence of the usual order of things. Religion, that is to say, is extraordinary, even peculiar, perhaps unique in the affairs of this world. This may be true. But this does not explain it. Lowie's hypothesis is weaker, at this point, than those he has been attacking. After all, the proposal, say of Frazer, that religion appeared as a historical derivative of magic does at least attempt to account for its appearance. This Lowie is unable to undertake.

Professor Lowie is usually scornful of psychology. In this book he allows himself only a digression of a few pages in which to dispose of the "sexual theory" of religion. Without mentioning psychoanalysis he is clearly intending to rob it of any potency for the attack upon these problems. But the case is not so simple. Even Professor Lowie's theory leaves the human appetite for the Extraordinary an inexplicable thing, an inexplicable thing which psychologists attempt to understand by probing the interior of human personality. Indeed, just about the time Professor Lowie was signing the preface to his completed work another volume issued from the press which attempted to find in the secret places of the heart the clue to the conundrum of the Inexplicable, Everett Dean Martin's Mystery of Religion. If, perhaps, religion is a matter of the human heart, and many religious men have held it so, the dogmas of anthropology are little more than a fresh confusing of the issue. One cannot find God, either, in the archeological collection.

C. E. Ayres.

Philippine Problems

The United States and the Philippines, by D. R. Williams. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $3.00.

PHILIPPINE questions have never been able to obtain intelligent discussion in the United States. The great distance of the islands, the unfamiliar character of their problems and the uncertainty in many minds as to the general direction of our foreign policy have debarred them from the right kind of consideration. Rarely does any item of news bearing upon the Philippines receive more than a few lines in the daily press. One result has been that Philipine discussion has been carried on almost entirely through magazine articles, government reports and books. It has suffered especially from the fact that most of the publications relating to it have been the product of men with a one-sided or biased point of view. Thus during the past twenty years a number of volumes have been produced by Philippine administrators of varying political parties, others by agents of business or financial groups desirous of maintaining their position in the islands. Only an occasional contribution has come from a traveler whose point of view was truly individual or personal, and without group bias or commercial prejudice.

Mr. D. R. William adds another volume to the long series of group or class discussions of the Philippines and he writes it from much the same standpoint that has been characteristic of earlier works on the subject. Its attitude is essentially that of the representative of a particular element with its one interest to serve. The group which he thus represents includes broadly speaking the American business population of Manila, especially that part of it which is convinced that under independent Philippine government it would be impossible for business to flourish or for life and property to be safely protected. So far as the present reviewer is aware, this point of view has never before been presented in book form and Mr. Williams' volume is, therefore, of distinct value as reflecting the attitude of a well

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organized and coherent political element. Of its three hundred and thirty-five pages about two-fifths are given to a review of Philippine history and of the conditions under which the islands passed into the hands of the United States. This is doubtless valuable for the sake of the convenience of new readers, although greatly expanded and overdrawn, but needs no discussion since the facts are substantially well known. The second part of Mr. Williams' volume, comprising about one-eighth of the total, furnishes a short, violent arraignment of the government of the Philippines as conducted by Francis Burton Harrison, who was sent to Manila by President Wilson, and the remaining third portion, rather more than two-fifths of all is an argument, based upon economic, political and legal grounds, against Philippine independence. It is with these last two features of the work only that the reader is likely to feel most interest, and it is with them that the present review concerns itself.

Mr. Williams's survey of Governor Harrison's term of office is entitled, "The Wrecking of a Government," a caption which, in itself, gives the key to the point of view of the author. It is enough to say that nothing that was done under the Harrison administration can possibly receive Mr. Williams's approval. First some old and discredited stories about official discourtesies to Mr. Forbes are retailed. Then the first work of the Harrison administration is jeeringly reviewed. A Collector of Customs who served faithfully for several years without blemish to his reputation and with undoubted credit to himself is described as a "queer importation from the states," while similar disparagement is lavished upon almost every person even indirectly connected with the administration at the time. Mr. Harrison's term is described as a period of weak concession to the natives unaccompanied by any redeeming quality and involving serious deterioration of business and physical plant and of the general conditions of living. Absolutely unfounded statements about financial and other conditions are offered as the unqualified truth. Detraction and bias could hardly be greater. But when Mr. Williams comes to review the administration of Governor General Wood, who succeeded Mr. Harrison, all his resources of praise are insufficient to do justice. That officer receives unqualified commendation and his differences of opinion with the people are spoken of as merely the inevitable outgrowth or aftermath of the faults committed by his predecessor. When Mr. Williams takes up the question of independence in the abstract he can hardly find terms of adequate strength in which to impugn both the capacity of the natives and the good faith of those who propose any such plan and he emphasizes the general world dangers involved in our leaving the Philippines. Most of what he has to say in this connection is indeed familiar and really needs no repetition. Some of it is true, much exaggerated and more absolutely false. The experienced reader, however, will not quarrel fundamentally with the argument involved though he must essentially differ with the point of view before he has gone far. Thus he finds himself mentally unprepared for the final questions to which the whole Philippine issue is eventually reducible:

Would the islands be better off without us than with us; and, is there any material consideration which does or should impel us to retain control of the Philippines in our own interest?

Both these questions are frankly discussed and frankly answered by Mr. Williams. He believes that in every respect the general masses of the people would be worse off if governed by their own race than if governed by Americans, while the main force of his argument is devoted to showing the folly of our people in surrendering so "rich" a territory. It is just here, of course, that suspicion is likely to enter the mind of the sincere reader, since it would appear that if the wealth of the islands is the main reason for keeping them, fears about the condition of the people may easily be given a subordinate place or be made to play a purely theoretical part in the discussion. This has always been the stumbling block of our imperialists. Do they want to retain the Islands because of the conception of duty involved in the notion of the "white man's burden," or do they want to stay there because there is a better chance to make money with our own people in control? The answer "for both reasons" is logical enough in itself, but arouses suspicion none the less particularly when there is too much emphasis upon social defects and lack of ability for self government. As a matter of fact the argument on these latter grounds is sadly inconclusive save upon the strict "white man's burden" theory, and Mr. Williams's.

Not the least interesting thing about the volume is its status as a piece of psychological self-revelation. Mr. Williams has lived twenty years or more in the islands. He still thinks in the terms of McKinley and Roosevelt imperialism. Occasionally he starts from his Rip Van Winkle sleep to recognize that Republicans now control our national government and that it is they who are planning action on independence. But this is only momentary and he is soon back in his somnolent or reminiscent state of mind, condemning "the Democrats" for anti-imperialism and attributing all independence plans to Democratic influence. The book is as enlightening to the initiated as an X-ray photograph of a defective tooth is to a dentist, but it does not bulk large as an "exhibit" of literary or descriptive art.

H. PARKER WILLIS.

Dialogues and Spotlights

Distressing Dialogues, by Nancy Boyd. Preface by Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.00.

The Literary Spotlight, edited by John Farrar. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

A THING may be right enough in one place, yet not so right in another. To apply this truism specifically, a string of pieces may do well enough in a monthly periodical, yet rather less well in the pages of a book. A closer application still: these Dialogues might very satisfactorily have been left uncollected and these Spotlights unfocussed.

"Nancy Boyd" is understood to be another manifestation of Miss Millay herself. In the pages of Vanity Fair her brief bits produced an effect—they were sprightly and tricksy, even if now and again a trifle earthy. Between covers they are less to be relished. Miss Millay is, of course, capable of exhibiting herself in various phases. Depending on her milieu, which might be a woman's club, a bourgeois drawing-room, or an assembly in the "Village" or in Montparnasse, she has appeared to different observers in different lights: as an angel child, as "a chorus-girl on a holiday," as a "society girl" outdoing society itself, or as the languid and morbid product of a decadent civilization. The present collection permits the unsympathetic to view her as an impish vulgarian, and the loyal to regret the capricious and irresponsible exercise of a high talent on a lower plane. Everything is cleverly done—even here and there with

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spurts of the inexplicable thing which must be called genius; yet one would be as well pleased if it hadn't been done at all.

The dozen or so writers shepherded by Mr. Farrar of The Bookman display wide differences in age, taste, equipment and discretion. The volume shows little unity of texture or of tone. Mr. Farrar's contributors are a discrepant lot: they rise to real criticism; they fall to mere gossip; they sink, far too often, to dubious personalities. The book, while varied and readable, by no means attains a distinguished average, and often displays more knowingness than taste.

Both these books, to tell the truth, are lively and entertaining enough. But the country is suffering from a surfeit of youthful spirits, facetiousness and facile chatter. The skittish and the jaunty do well enough on occasion, but ought not to be depended upon much longer in our formation of a national attitude.

HENRY B. FULLER.

Outlaws or Classics?

James Joyce: His First Forty Years, by Herbert S. Gorman. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $2.00.

D. H. Lawrence: An American Interpretation, by Herbert J. Seligman. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $1.75.

OUTLAWS both from the hedged-in paths of Victorian literature, Joyce and Lawrence have for years been regarded by some critics as high priests of a new order of fictional art. Both writers have had part of their work suppressed. I suppose that all Mr. Lawrence's novels are now procurable with more or less difficulty; but Mr. Joyce's Ulysses is so rare and so prohibitive in price that it is known to most of his admirers only in the first sections that appeared in the Little Review.

And now both these wanderers from the safe paths of tradition are undergoing the first stage of conversion into classics by the publication of interpretative studies of their work.

Reading these studies together, I am impressed, first of all, by the remarkable parallelisms between their subjects. Joyce derived from an Irish Catholic county family, and Lawrence born in the cottage of a Derbyshire coal-miner—they began life far enough apart; but environment strangely shaped them toward a common art purpose. Both are largely self-trained; both suffered hardship before they could find opportunity to bring their work before the public; and both are still suffering obloquy at the hands of the public. But from the beginning, with the instinct of highly original minds to slough off old forms of thought, both plunged to the neck in the waves of psychoanalysis: Lawrence's Sons and Lovers (1913) and Joyce's A Portrait of the Artist as Young Man (1915), fundamentally different as they are in style, in technique, and in the temperaments they reveal, are alike in the determined effort they show to give the subconscious, which plays so large a part in life, a dominant place in fiction.

These books made two great splashes, the circles whereof seem to be widening still. Undoubtedly the first sense was of shock. But startling as these self-revelatory efforts are, the more so as an autobiographic basis is clearly traceable in both, they are not to be denied as literature of a high type. Lawrence at his best writes prose as fine and imaginative and musical as any written to-day; and Joyce, with his eccentricities, is able at times to get wonderful effects not before attained in literature.

For these reasons the two studies under consideration serve a useful purpose, although they are unequal in length and in thoroughness.

Mr. Gorman's book shows clearly what Joyce is trying to accomplish. With due allowance for panegyric, high-keyed and insistent, one is still able to infer from his presentation an extraordinary gifted temperament, ultra-sensitive to environment, urgent toward expression of the impressions received, and deliberately seeking new molds of form, thought, and language. That Joyce really stands on the pinnacle of achivement where this critic places him it is too soon to say; but the careful exposition of each of his works and especially the long quotations from the parts of Ulysses not generally accessible, enables each reader to determine for himself something of Joyce's remarkable qualities and his probable influence in the shaping of our new literature.

Mr. Seligmann's book is a much slighter effort to comment on Lawrence's work under the three captions Poems, Prose, Philosophy and Criticism. His observations are disorganized, if not haphazard. They are of value as supplementing scattered criticism and perhaps to some extent correcting misapprehensions, but of very little use to the reader who knows nothing of Lawrence's work.

Useful features of both books are the bibliographies and notes at the end. Mr. Seligmann gives a brief biographical note on Lawrence and a list of his published works. Mr. Gorman does more for Joyce. His bibliography lists various editions and includes a select number of critical articles on Ulysses. An interesting portrait of Joyce serves as frontispiece.

EDITH RICKERT.

In the New Republic for Dec. 10, 1924, a letter was published under the title, Two Sides to the Under Dog, signed with the initials J. G. L. The New Republic wishes to state that its author was Mr. J. G. Lyne.

In the issue of Dec. 31, the article Another Lesson in Coal stated that the "Jacksonville agreement" expires next summer. This was an error. The agreement continues in force until 1927.

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